

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXVIII. {

No. 3184—July 15, 1905.

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Vol. CCXLVI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be annually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## THE SEAS OF ENGLAND.

The seas of England are our old delight,  
Let the green billows of the shingled shore,  
Like wild birds in her gardens, evermore  
Sing sweet to her ships that lofty loom in sight.

The gray sea-nettle be our fortitude,  
Sturdily blowing where the clear wave slips!  
O, be the glory of our men and ships  
Rapturous woe-unheeding hardihood!

There is great courage in a land that hath  
Liberty guarded by th' unearthly seas;  
And still to find peace at the last in these  
How many a sailor hath sailed down to death!

Their names are like a glory in old song;  
Their records are like bays along the years;  
Their jubilation is the cry man hears  
Sailing sun-fronted the vast deeps among.

The seas of England are our old delight,  
Let the green billows of the shingled shore,  
Like wild birds in her gardens, evermore  
Sing sweet to her ships, that lofty loom in sight.

*W. J. De la Mare.*

The Spectator.

THE PROPHET. (*From Lermontov.*)

The Eternal Justice made me seer,  
All secret things to penetrate:  
Since when, through eyes of men I peer  
And read the page of Wrong and Fate.

Pure matters I began to preach  
Of Righteousness and Love Atoning;  
The neighbors ran to hear, and each  
Was eager who'd begin . . . the sto-  
ing.

I scattered ashes on my head,  
The beggars' road from town I trod:  
In the wilderness I make my bed,  
And get my meat, like birds, from God.

Keeping the Eternal's covenant,  
All things of earth obey and love me;  
Stars to my service ministrant  
Sparkle with frolic lamps above me.

But if with furtive hurrying feet  
I slip through town amid the noise,  
I see the smile of self-conceit,  
And hear the old men tell the boys:

*Look! Here was Pride—be warned and  
dread it!—*

*Would none of us to dwell among:  
This fool would have his neighbors credit  
That God gave utterance by his tongue.*

*Look well, you children. There he goes—  
Haggard and sour and bad and grim!  
Look, he's no money, he's no clothes!  
And how they all think scorn of him!*  
*J. S. Phillimore.*

The Speaker.

## A MEMORIAL SONNET.

"Comrade, fare well, whose feet the  
untravelled East  
Long time in equal measure trod with  
me!  
From that fair land of flowers, where  
strand and sea  
Shine with the sun of fable, last not  
least  
Of those who for us Westerns spread  
the feast  
Of Orient lore and Eastern poesy,  
I ne'er shall look upon the like of thee  
For love of song and care of bird and  
beast.  
The pen is fallen from thine eager  
hand,  
Death's finger laid upon the page un-  
done:  
Yet, in some interstellar Morning-land,  
I doubt not but thy gentle soul shall  
find  
Its earthly dreams fulfilled in heavenly  
kind,  
Where Life and Death, where Love and  
Truth are one."

*John Payne.*

THE WORK OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.\*

The time has not come for a biography of James McNeill Whistler, such as should deserve the name of a biography. What we have at present are sketches, appreciations, chiefly of the painter's art, touching slightly upon the character of the man. This last may not be left entirely out of consideration. Whistler was more than merely a painter: he was by nature and by election a combatant; and chance decreed that he should be in this country the champion of a certain theory of art and ideal of painting. Fighting at first very much alone, he gathered about him, as time went on, a band of adherents; among such his first biographers were sure to be found. Now there was this further peculiarity about Whistler: he not only doubled his functions as painter and gladiator, he was in himself of duplex nature. More than almost any other real personage, not less than Daudet's famous *Tartarin de Tarascon*, he consisted of two beings, not indeed a Whistler-Quichotte and a Whistler-Sancho Panza, but a Whistler-artiste and a Whistler-gamin: one cannot use a milder word; Whistler's enemies would have used a harsher. On many occasions it was the Whistler-gamin who seemed to have the greater power of attracting allies. Due credit then should be given to M. Théodore Duret, whose "*Histoire de J. McN. Whistler et de son Œuvre*" is the most important contribution we have as yet towards an appreciation of

the painter. For in M. Duret we have none of the usual extravagances of the Whistlerite. He is an out-and-out admirer; but he expresses his admiration soberly, not always with complete justice, but without bitterness. Messrs. T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis write in a vein of superlative appreciation; their "*The Art of James McNeill Whistler*" was designed as an offering to "the master" himself. And such an offering must have been superlative to avoid offence. In Mr. Mortimer Menpes we have a sort of emancipated disciple. Mr. Menpes himself came at last under the lash of a wit which was sparing of few. But the fact has not turned him from an admirer into a detractor; and though his "*Whistler as I Knew Him*" lacks any literary grace, we have to thank it for some intimate touches which are necessary to our understanding of the Whistler of every-day.

The chief (or should we rather say the superficial?) cause for which Whistler contended in his talk, in his pamphlets and lectures, is now reckoned a gained cause. By the majority of contemporary painters, indeed, it is considered so utterly triumphant that there is nothing left to say on the other side. Briefly stated, it is the elimination of "literature" from painting, from the plastic arts. The essential of this evangel Whistler expressed in its most plausible guise in the first of the famous "propositions" prefixed to the catalogue of his etchings of Venice

\*1. "*Histoire de J. McN. Whistler et de son Œuvre*." Par Théodore Duret. (Paris: H. Floury, 1904.)

2. "*The Art of James McNeill Whistler: An Appreciation*." By T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. (London: G. Bell & Sons. 1901.)

3. "*Mr. Whistler's Lithographs*." By T. R. Way. 1896.

4. "*Whistler as I Knew Him*." By Mortimer Menpes. (A. & C. Black.)

5. "*Mr. Whistler's Etchings*." By Frederick Wedmore.

6. "Memorial Exhibition of the Works of the late J. McN. Whistler (organized by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers): Catalogue of Paintings, Drawings, Etchings, and Lithographs." 1905.

7. "*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*." Whistler. (London: Heinemann. 1890.)

exhibited in 1886. Proposition No. 1 says:

"That in Art it is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise."

Clearly the art which is illustrative, which is literary, does this. It depends not upon itself alone, and by association calls up ideas which itself can never express. And, as a fact, not only in Whistler's own early days, but through all the history of painting, the attitude of the "general" has been to look outside the picture itself to its associations with literature or history. We have said it was partly chance which made Whistler such a "promachos" in this question; it was the accident that he chose to domesticate himself in England, which was holding back very obstinately from the "movement" in France or elsewhere, wherever any "movement" could be discerned. All the young painters among whom Whistler was thrown during his salad days in Paris were in one way or another (consciously or unconsciously) championing the same doctrine—that, as the aesthete said in "Punch," the beauty of a picture was in the "picchah" or it was nowhere. The master Delacroix, master to all the younger school in France, might be reckoned the practical exponent of this creed, as opposed, for example, to the popular Delaroche. Edouard Manet, one of "les jeunes" among Whistler's contemporaries in Paris, was a notable fighter for the same principle. It may indeed be disputed that Manet introduced much beauty into his work; but it is beyond contest that, more almost than any painter of our time, he turned "literature" out of doors.

But Art in England, under the influence of Ruskin, held back altogether from this tendency. There is not in

itself harm in the conservative attitude which was England's. The argument, whatever contemporary painters may think, is not all one way. The course of the arts, too, is never a rectilinear course; at best it is in a spiral; and the movement of one generation almost always produces a reaction in the next; so that the country which hangs back—like the man who has preserved an old hat or coat—has a good chance of finding itself at the top of the fashion. At this moment England is holding back in just the same way from the "movement" in fiction and the drama, in the first more especially. Almost all the other European peoples possessing a literature have taken, rightly or wrongly, a somewhat new view of fiction. They have, in the composition of their novels and their dramas, adopted very literally Shakespeare's image of the mirror, translating the idea in Stendhal's sense, when he wrote: "*Le roman est un miroir qui se promène sur la grande route.*" But England has never given in to this definition; and her novel is still essentially, what it was with Miss Austen, with Dickens, or with Thackeray, a means for drawing amusement out of life. We are not, then, obliged to decide upon the ultimate value of the battle which Whistler fought. It is necessary for the vitality of any art that such contentions should be; the swing of the pendulum is a part in the advance of the hour-hand.

James Abbott Whistler, so was he christened—he assumed in addition his mother's name of McNeill—was born, it is almost but not absolutely certain (the painter was a mystifier in such things<sup>1</sup>), at Lowell, Massachusetts, on July 10, 1834. He died on July 17,

<sup>1</sup> In the trial "*Whistler v. Ruskin*" Whistler stated that he was born at St. Petersburg. He meant, Mr. Way suggests, "that he was born artistically there." Or did he mean to

take eight years from his age?—a simpler explanation. One cannot avoid the reflection that he was speaking upon oath.



1903, falling short by a twelvemonth of the allotted threescore years and ten. He was an Irishman by descent, the son of a military engineer, who in civil life became a constructor and surveyor of railways, went in that capacity to St. Petersburg in 1842, and remained in the employ of the Russian Government till his death in 1849. In the seven childhood years which Whistler spent in the Russian capital the painter acquired a complete mastery of French which never left him, and which never ceased to show its traces in his writing, to the advantage probably of his wit but not of his style. After he had made some attempts at careers which were recognized as "careers," all thought of turning him from his natural bent was given up; and at the age of twenty-one the young man was sent to study art in Paris, and entered the studio of Gleyre. Among his English fellow-students were Sir Edward Poynter and George du Maurier. It is not likely that Whistler had much in common with the first; his friendship or acquaintance with the second ended, as indeed Whistler's friendships or acquaintances did not so seldom, in a bitter quarrel. But with a group of "les jeunes" of that day, with Manet, with Legros, with Fantin-Latour and others, Whistler seems to have been pretty closely allied; and he figures in the foreground of one of Latour's best-known early pictures the "Homage à Delacroix" (Salon of 1864).

There was yet another kind of "reduplication" in Whistler: he worked all through his life with almost equal zeal as a painter and as an etcher. Many artists have worked in both color and black-and-white; some, like Mr. Abbey, have begun as black-and-white artists and pretty well abandoned that for painting. Others, like Mr. Macbeth, have almost abandoned color for etching. Whistler kept the two balls going like a skilful jug-

gler; now one was uppermost, now another; neither fell to the ground. From the very beginning this was his plan. But as M. Duret says, "In etching we have the first among Whistler's productions which it is possible to classify by date; his earliest paintings are difficult to find and to classify." From etchings made in the summer of 1858 in Alsace-Lorraine and in Germany, along with work done at that time and earlier in Paris, a series of twelve plates was printed and issued in this same year 1858. It is now known by the name of Whistler's "French Series." To the Paris Salon of the year following, 1859, Whistler sent—without success—his earliest important oil-painting, the "Piano-Picture" ("Au Piano"<sup>1</sup>), which was the next year exhibited at the Royal Academy. At the first exhibition of the International Society (in 1898) the same picture was again exhibited, and it is at the time we write to be seen once more at the memorial exhibition organized by the same society in the New Gallery. This is, in the history of art, a picture of extraordinary interest.

The "Piano-Picture" represents the artist's half-sister, Mrs. (now Lady) Seymour Haden, seated at a piano, playing, her child standing just in the crook of the grand piano and leaning upon the piano with both arms. The player is in black with white collar; the girl is in white. The piano is of course brown; there is color in the carpet (red), a violin-case (green), and the gilt picture-frames on the wall. The general effect is of great sobriety, a foretaste of most of Whistler's work in portraiture, where the blacks and browns, grays and whites far predominate over any other scheme of color. But the importance of the "Piano-Picture" does not consist in these things. If it were to be put side by side with

<sup>1</sup> "Au Piano" was, however, exhibited in a sort of "Salon des Refusés," and gained much notice there.

almost any picture, certainly with any English picture of the same date—say, for example, Millais's "Black Brunswick," which, like the "Piano-Picture," represents a couple in a room,<sup>3</sup> or say the "Order of Release"<sup>4</sup> at the Tate Gallery—the observer would be sensible of a curious difference between Whistler's work and that of his contemporaries, though, if he were uninstructed in the history of art, he would fail to put a name to it, or to explain even to himself where the difference lies. It rests in fact on a power in Whistler of seeing his subject as a whole and appreciating at a glance the relative importance of the light and shade (the "chiaroscuro") of the tones which make up the picture. In modern art slang this is a quality perfectly recognized: we say that the "values" ("les valeurs") in Whistler's picture are correct, in those of his contemporaries incorrect. Since the "Piano-Picture" was painted, the search for "values" has been the most familiar employment and the first consideration of the painter. And when we compare some more recent picture with one earlier than this, or of a quite different school, the contrast between the picture with values and the picture without hits one, as the saying is, in the face.<sup>5</sup> But in the past history of Art the appreciation of "values" is very rare. Among the great masters it is hardly found, save in Velasquez. It is a quality more easily apprehended by the eye than definable to the intellect; for it consists not in atmosphere alone nor even precisely in chiaroscuro alone, but in the sense of these things heightened

by a certain faculty, which one can only call the faculty of seeing one's picture as a whole, not as a combination of parts. All these elements are included in the notion of "getting the values" of the different tones which make up the picture. It is in its appreciation of values, and as a first step in the direction which Whistler always trod, that the "Piano-Picture" stands marked out certainly from all the English work of the period and constitutes an epoch in the history of painting.

It was an original vision, too. Whistler had not at that time been in Spain; nor had he been led by any outside influence to make a special study of Velasquez, who alone could have taught him anything considerable in this matter.

There are some pictures painted by Whistler after the "Piano-Picture" which show less, scarcely anything indeed, of that faculty of realizing "values"; such are the "Blue Wave" and another Brittany picture (No. 29 and No. 11 of the "Catalogue"), which were painted apparently in 1860 or 1861, when the artist was in the company of Courbet, and influenced probably by his comrade's strong nature and his hard realistic work. This might be taken to show that Whistler stumbled upon his great quality by accident.<sup>6</sup> We may be sure that not one of the critics who praised or dispraised the "Piano-Picture" when it was first exhibited, or more disdainfully passed by on the other side, was aware of its strongest claim to notice. But productions of this sort are not in reality accidents, even if they be unconscious

<sup>3</sup> Even with the bottoms of gilt picture-frames, as in the "Piano-Picture."

<sup>4</sup> Though that is some half-dozen years earlier. But even the later "Childhood of Raleigh" would serve.

<sup>5</sup> Compare, for example, such a picture as Madox Brown's "Work" with Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "The Health of the Bride" (Tate Gallery). But, as "Work" is at Manchester,

we might take "Christ washing the feet of St. Peter" (Tate Gallery); though for comparison this is less suitable.

<sup>6</sup> Even in the "White Girl" (Symphony in White No. 1, Salon des Refusés, 1863), the quality is not so apparent as in the "Piano-Picture," though the color of the flesh in the two shows them to belong to the same period of Whistler's development.

and independent of the will. They are born of the artist, the flower of which his temperament is the root, whether the producer know it or not. It would, indeed, have been contrary to Whistler's nature, if the sense of opposition had not pushed him further in the way of counter-opposition—he was now settled in London—as it was pushing Manet on the other side of the water. The impulse of which Whistler was conscious was to consider more and more the importance of tone in a painting, ever less and less the literary and external interest of a painting, until he and the current art-criticism, separating more and more, rebounded in a clash—the celebrated Whistler-Ruskin trial of 1878.

But no man has ever carried on a warfare without seeking support somewhere, either in the present or the past. The natural source from which to draw it in Whistler's case would have been the art of Velasquez: it is here that the "school of values," as we may call it, which has spread and spread, till it now covers three parts of the territory of art, finds its support to-day; so that Velasquez has become the patron saint of modern painting. And after Velasquez, Goya. But, as M. Duret has shown, the influence of Velasquez on Whistler has been a good deal overstated; certainly our artist did not first turn in that direction, but to the art of Japan. Japanese painting is not distinguished by that special quality which sets its mark upon the "Plano-Picture"—the sense of values. But much more than any European art it is non-literary; it obeys that imperative canon of Whistler's, that it is a crime to seek in a painting qualities which do not belong to it as a painting. Consequently for the next few years we see Whistler surrendering himself to the influence of Japanese art; painting (1864-1865) his "*Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine*," his "*Golden Screen*," his

"*Lange Leizen*," and his "*Balcony*." There is, in addition to the Japanese, a certain Rossetti influence visible in the first two of these compositions, more than is to be accounted for by the accident of the model for the "*Princesse*." This model was a young lady, Miss Christine Spartali, who was much associated with the Rossetti group. Her sister, now Mrs. Stillman, was a pupil of Rossetti and often sat for him, notably for his picture "*Fiammetta*"; so that in the natural order of things the family likeness of the two models, added to a something in the habit of pose, would have given to the "*Princesse*," a Rossetti-like turn. There is, however, more than this. In essentials Whistler and Rossetti were at opposite poles; nobody is more literary than the latter, no one of this epoch was less literary than the painter of the "*Princesse*" and the "*Screen*." But it is evident that Whistler was at this moment more attracted by brilliant tones than at any other period of his career. He and Rossetti were personal friends at this time; and brilliancy of color is the be-all and almost the end-all of Rossetti's painting.

This phase was only transitory with Whistler, and the series of Japanese pictures remains a thing apart: of great beauty and of still greater interest if on this last account alone. Whistler's continued practice of etching alongside of his painting must have tended to limit his appreciation of color as such. He admired to the end of his days Japanese art, because it was pure art. But Mr. Menpes tells us he never had any enthusiasm for the Venetians. Where he encountered color without any search for values—as, for example, in Giorgione—his instinct was to turn away from it. Alongside of the brilliant Japanese series the artist was also engaged with his second and third symphonies in white, of which symphony No. 2 (the "*Little White Girl*") is

an exquisite example of Whistler's treatment of delicate tones and (once again) of values. Swinburne has written a ballad upon this picture (now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Studd), and this makes another link of association between Whistler and the Pre-Raphaelite school, or the Rossetti group of the period. It was to be rudely severed before long.

Incidentally these symphonies are further interesting in that they inaugurate Whistler's fashion of applying to his work a musical nomenclature. To the general public this was a mere whimsicality—a "bizarrerie" or a "boutade." But to the user it was a war-cry, another way of emphasizing his defiance of "literature." Literature was before long to take up the challenge with momentous results.

But for the moment there was truce. Whistler's residence in Chelsea—he lived in Cheyne Walk at this time—which had brought him into relations with one man of letters in Rossetti, led to his acquaintance with another and greater in Carlyle, who sat to him in 1870. This is the period at which Whistler painted his three greatest portraits, "The Artist's Mother," "Carlyle," and "Miss Alexander." When the "musical notation" was in full swing these were called "an arrangement in black and gray," "an arrangement in brown,"<sup>1</sup> and "a harmony in gray and green." A mere glance at the pictures tells us, if these titles do not, that the period of brilliant coloring had gone by for Whistler. Let the mind pass through the series of Whistler's total "œuvre" in this kind, the "Mr. Leyland," "Irving as Philip II.," "M. Duret," "Sarasate," "M. de Montesquiou," &c., and then among women the "Miss Rosa Corder," the "Fur Jacket," "Lady Meux," "Lady Colin

Campbell," &c., and we realize how completely the grays and browns usurp the field.

The "Mother" which is now the property of the French nation, was all but refused for the Academy in 1872. It is the most celebrated of all Whistler's pictures, and perhaps among single works that by which he or his disciples would prefer that he should be judged. Messrs. Way and Dennis think that the "Mother," "Carlyle," "Miss Alexander" and the "Rosa Corder" will always be ranked among the greatest pictures of all time. The "Mother" (our present concern) has without doubt great delicacy and yet vigor of handling, harmony of tone and vigor in presentation. "C'est comme l'image même de la vieillesse," says M. Duret in a happy phrase, "avec sa dignité, sa tristesse et sa résignation." "Image of old age," granted. But not quite a living person. Compare it with some of the greatest portraits of the world, with what "Philip IV." you choose, with Titian's "Man with the Glove," you will feel then, if not before, what this lacks, what all Whistler's portraits lack. "Decoration" has (in part) driven out "life." The artist is already on the way to overreach himself, and in his zeal for turning literature out of doors is in danger of turning out intellect along with it. Over there in Paris, Manet had long ago accomplished that feat. For Manet "paint" was everything. It could not be so with Whistler. His intimate nature was that of a poet. We forget that; it is so overlaid with wit and with meaner qualities; but Whistler's earliest critics saw it. "La fille blanche de M. James Whistler," wrote the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," "est un morceau plein de saveur. Il se dégage de l'œuvre une charme étrange." Another critic: "L'image est rare, conçue et peinte comme une vision qui apparaît non pas à tout le monde mais à

<sup>1</sup> The "Carlyle" was afterwards called, like the "Mother," an arrangement in black and gray.

un poète"; and a third: "Je me sens faible tout particulier pour cet œuvre. . . qui révèle des qualités pittoresques supérieures, une imagination amoureuse de rêve et de poésie."

These things were written in 1864. We are now in 1874 and in a different atmosphere. When in this year Whistler organized his "one-man show" in Pall Mall, it must have been as much with the purpose of throwing down the glove to the critics as with the hope of finding disciples or purchasers. In that exhibition he made full use of his musical "notation." Three years later came the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the apotheosis of Burne-Jones and the occasion for the famous attack on Whistler in "*Fors Clavigera*"—the "Prologue," as Whistler justly calls it in his "*Gentle Art of Making Enemies*."

"For Mr. Whistler's sake," Ruskin wrote, "no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approaches the aspect of wilful impudence. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Whistler waited a year after this, and then had his action for damages, finding that his sales had suffered real diminution, almost to the degree of extinction, by Ruskin's onslaught.

It was no battle of pigmies. The most famous art-critic of any time represented a view of art the antithesis of Whistler's, the most literary view possible. It was therefore in the fitness of things that the champions in either camp—that Hector and Achilles—should meet and engage. We might wish that Ruskin had contented himself with less hectoring speech (Matthew Arnold described the use of such

terms by such a man as a national misfortune), but we should be lost to all sense of the justice of things if we did not admit that on the main question there was about as much to be said on one side as another. If we are really to turn literature—which means all associations that would naturally express themselves in words—out of doors, then it is precisely the same thing whether we have from Whistler a portrait of Carlyle or a study of a Chelsea pensioner, if the decorative qualities of the sitters are upon a level. And no one can deny that what is greatest in the intellectual side of art has found its finest exponent in Ruskin.

The result of the trial, *Whistler v. Ruskin*, everybody knows—a farthing damages: costs of the prosecution to be borne therefore by the plaintiff. The trial turned Whistler into a bankrupt and a man of letters. His pamphlet "*Art and Art-critics*" is the beginning of his long pen-war with his opposers. In many respects it is the best thing Whistler ever wrote: the ending especially has form, sense, and dignity.

Still quite alone stands Ruskin, whose writing is art, and whose art is unworthy of his writing. To him and to his example we owe the outrage of professed assistance from the unscientific—the meddling of the immodest—the intrusion of the garrulous. Art that for ages has hewn its own history in marble, and written its own comments on canvas, shall it suddenly stand still, and stammer, and wait for wisdom from the passer-by?—for guidance from the hand that holds neither brush nor chisel? Out upon the shallow conceit! What greater sarcasm can Mr. Ruskin pass upon himself than that he preaches to young men what he cannot perform. Why, unsatisfied with his own conscious power, should he choose to become the type of incompetence, by talking for forty years of what he has never done?

It will be seen that Whistler has



shifted the point of controversy from the real battle-ground, either voluntarily or because he confused himself. The argument he uses is fallacious—obviously. A man should not write on history unless he has made history: that would be the direct inference. Criticism of literature is not the same thing as the art which it criticizes. And the war of the creative artist upon the critic, just though it often is, is too old a one to be revived for the special benefit of painters. Balzac's famous "*il passa critique, comme tous les impulsants qui mentent à leur début,*" is more decisive even than all the witty gibes of "*The Gentle Art.*"

But, having once taken his stand upon this territory, there Whistler remained—so far as his writings are concerned. Not against literature *in* painting, but literature *on* painting, his pen and his wit were henceforth kept sharp-pointed.

Whistler had lost the first round. The criticism of such an Olympian as Ruskin, enforced, as it needed to be enforced, by the evidence of a craftsman just then at the summit of his fame, Burne-Jones, shut the door of "culture" against Whistler. The votaries of the jumping-cat, always ninety-nine in a hundred of "cultured" folk, found a phrase convenient to their change of face. Whistler was dubbed an artist who had not fulfilled the promise of his early years. There was another cant of criticism at hand for the same kind of people—that no painting could be good which had not "form" as well as "color." Burne-Jones had admitted that some of the nocturnes were excellent in color; but he, whose pictures, admirable as they are in poetry, in imagination, in grace, are really colored drawings far more than paintings, naturally could see no form in the blue and silver nocturnes which show only the Thames by moonlight with a few buildings vaguely outlined on the

farther bank, a light or two shining far off.

To-day these nocturnes of Whistler's are a revelation. Few pictures that have ever been painted more literally fulfil the promise which Keats made for a thing of beauty. London is instinct with these peculiar effects of light; the blueness of evening contrasted with the gaslights of the streets. "Cultured" people now go and live along the Embankment that they may see "Whistlers" of an evening. Two different foreign critics, one French, one German,<sup>8</sup> have left on record "how, arriving on the English coast of a misty morning (it may have been) the lights upon the pier, the misty English twilight all around, they involuntarily exclaimed, 'A Whistler!'"

But this change of taste was still far off. Whistler was now forty-four. Instead of rising to the place which he had thought legitimately his own in English art, he saw taste and the collectors turning their backs upon him. No doubt the sight was a bitter one: not the less bitter because the painter-pamphleteer concealed his feelings under a mask of persiflage and epigram. Soon, however, "*les jeunes*" began to gather about him. It was from about this time that Whistler began to be the leader of a band who, in contrast to the general disesteem, honored him with the title of master. It is from about this time and onwards that the personal portraits of the man have a value. In some respects a new Whistler emerges, a Whistler gay, inscrutable, witty, biting, of whom Mr. Menpes gives us many vivid touches, who will long remain in the memory of those who knew Whistler personally, but not intimately. "Ha! ha! amazing," was the artist's favorite exclamation, when brought face to face with the popular work of the day, with some

<sup>8</sup> Gustave Geffroy and Richard Muther.



Demoniac-seraphic  
"Painter's" latest piece of graphic.

When at last he gained a position of command, by being elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists, and placed his disciples among the Jury, his direction to them was emphatic to reject. "Say, 'Out, damned spot!' Never weary of saying 'Out,' 'Out,' 'Out!'" Now, after 1878, begin his letters to the papers (to "Truth" mainly), full of wit, much lacking in dignity, and all his dabbings with literature, which will add nothing to his reputation in the long run, but rather detract from it. An Englishman, left in the lurch as Whistler was in 1878, would probably have eaten his heart in a proud silence and waited for better days. But there was nothing of the Englishman about Whistler, and nothing of the repose which stamps the caste of *Vere de Vere*. He came from a land which knows no aristocracy but the aristocracy of success, and where success is too often measured by very material standards. To have failed to command the English market must have seemed to Whistler a graver failure than it would appear to an Englishman. By character and early association again—reckon too his Irish blood<sup>9</sup>—Whistler was almost a Frenchman. It is not without significance that, in Fantin-Latour's "Homage à Delacroix," Whistler in frock-coat stands in the foreground; and that the group includes Baudelaire, that encomiast of "le dandysme." Our artist brought over here that type of "dandysme" which Delacroix himself loved, which Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurévilly exemplified. The eye-glass, the

poised cane, the black frock-coat and white-duck trousers, were all conceived upon a French color-scheme. With the help of these things and of his verve and wit, and a power of utterance unusual in an artist—his lecture "Ten o'clock" was fashionably and fully attended, and it is a wonderful example of esprit and originality—Whistler became a figure in society, and for the men of the press, for all the kind of folk, in fact, who were least capable of understanding his greater qualities; and in this populous solitude he continued, almost to the end of his life.

Whistler possessed small literary gift beyond that of wit and epigram. The trifles which have been preserved with unnecessary care in "The Gentle Art" are letters to the papers—often of a few lines only—bright and mordant, but without style; without so much of art as would have given them their most desired effect, the effect of the impromptu. So that, though the book is full of good things, there are none which sound so good as things that came from Whistler's mouth—nothing so good, for example, as the "and I am told he paints as well" at the end of a panegyric on the accomplished Leighton. Whistler's reputation as a wit would have gained and not lost if it had remained in oral tradition. The "written-up" passages of his "Ten o'clock" ring rather falsely, as though they had drawn their inspiration from American journalism. But he must have had more taste for books than have the most part of the painting brotherhood, who, taken on the average throughout the world, display a naïve ignorance of letters which is amazing.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>9</sup> James McNeill Whistler was only of the second generation of his family born in the States.

<sup>10</sup> As do literary folk mostly show a naïve ignorance of painting and its aims. Even Thackeray, who was brought up an artist,

does this. Witness the passage where (in "The Newcomes") he describes the delight that "J. J." had in using a mustard-pot for a model and turning it into a silver beaker on his canvas. Could any exercise be more futile and meaningless? The climax, how-

The "Out, damned spot!" would have been beyond the compass of most. And in one passage of "Ten o'clock" the lecturer does a real service to letters by nailing on the counter the perpetual misuse of the most familiar of all Shakespearean "tags." He is girding (of course) at his old enemies, the outsiders criticizing art:

Triumphantly they cry, "Beware! This matter does indeed concern us. We also have our part in all true Art!—for remember the 'one touch of nature' that 'makes the whole world kin.'"

True indeed. But let not the unwary jauntily suppose that Shakespeare herewith hands him his passport to Paradise, and thus permits him speech among the chosen. Rather learn that, in this very sentence, he is condemned to remain without—to continue with the common.

This one chord that vibrates with all—this "one touch of nature"—that calls aloud to the response of each—that explains the popularity of the "Bull" of Paul Potter—that excuses the price of Murillo's "Conception"—this one unspoken sympathy that pervades all humanity is—Vulgarity.

Rarely has a better trap been laid by a man for his enemies than Whistler sets here, by evoking the most familiar of quotations, whose context is almost always forgotten.<sup>11</sup>

One can quite understand that Whistler, once he had given up the hopes of a

quick recognition—the "Danaos et dona ferentes"—found no small pleasure in his position as an outsider and in the free exercise of his "gamin" wit, and that the appetite would grow by what it fed on. Though at the beginning he might better have looked across the Channel at the unswerving self-confidence of Jean François Millet, at the mute arrogance of Manet, and learnt from them; he did at least present a piquant contrast to some incompetent officialdom, to the Sir Pompey Bedells of decorated art. And his "Ha! ha! amazing" echoes gaily and pleasantly through the ages. One saying at least of Whistler's is monumental. It is his answer at the trial to the Attorney-General's:

"Oh, two days! The labor of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?"

"No. I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

One is glad to read in the newspaper reports that there was "applause in court."

It was in 1885, seven years after the trial, that "Ten o'clock" was first delivered. It was not published till three years later. By that time Whistler had obtained as much recognition as he was to get in this country, which, as a place for exhibiting his paintings in, he had almost abandoned. That is to say, he was well known socially, and esteemed as an artist, but still somewhat as an

ever, is reached by Charlotte Brontë, when she represents Jane Eyre painting the shape which had no shape, of "Paradise Lost":

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none."

<sup>11</sup> Though, no doubt, there are few people but remember the tremendous opening of that speech of Ulysses (in "Troilus and Cressida")—

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion—"

'tis certain they forget the immediate context of the "touch of nature" line—

"O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And give to dust that is a little gilt  
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

And the lines, when we read them over again, throw a certain halo round the passage above-quoted from "Ten o'clock."

eccentric, by the better-informed; his etchings were eagerly sought after, and his reputation as an etcher stood with the general higher than as a painter. But he had educated a group of younger artists, some of whom, as for example M. Roussel, have produced work worthy of the master they followed. Whistler married Mrs. Godwin in 1888; and no doubt the asperities of life were much softened for him by the change. In France he gained a full recognition only in 1891, when the portrait of the artist's mother was bought for the Luxembourg. It is now, of all the pictures of the foreign section there, by far the most renowned. About the same time Whistler was made an officer of the Legion of Honor the higher grade—the first of his compatriot artists who gained that distinction. In 1892 he settled in Paris in the Rue du Bac, as it appeared, for a permanency. But the death of Mrs. Whistler in 1896 broke up that home. Whistler anon came back once more to England, and died there on July 17, 1903.

It is an easy and an obvious thing to say that the final judgment upon Whistler's place in art must be left to time. But unless the critic can anticipate in some degree the verdict of futurity he has no place in literature, he fulfils no function. All critics profess to do this: that they generally fail lamentably is no deterrent to their successors. The race might be likened to the race of moths; an irresistible force compels them to singe their wings in the flame which consumed their predecessors. We have no right to resist the impulse; for only in virtue of it—it has been said—has the critic any reason for existence.

We believe that in all the arts the favor of futurity depends in the long run upon a certain faculty which may be called the "creative"; and though

the word is too vague, and the thing which it stands for can never be more than guessed at, still the effects of this creative imagination can often be discerned well enough. Among painters nearly contemporary with Whistler, Jean François Millet is one in whom that special creative gift is most easily recognizable: it stands out the more clearly in the lack of certain other endowments. When you are put face to face with any single one of Millet's pictures, some special "vanneur" or "botteleur" or group of "glaneuses," the first effect is sure to be disappointing; you think his reputation has been overcharged. There are a multitude of faults which strike the onlooker. When you have become familiar with a large section of Millet's "œuvre," you see that the whole is somehow greater than the sum of all its parts. It is so in virtue of this same creative gift. Wherefore it is that the suggestion of Millet seems henceforward to lie about you, as heaven, Wordsworth says, lies about us in our infancy. So we believe it will be with Whistler. There are, at any rate, all the evidences that it will be so. Modern painting cannot shake itself free from him. It has done what it could. It has set up Velasquez as its god and professed to draw its inspiration from him. But modern painting would never have discovered Velasquez if Whistler had not discovered values. Just now there is a school of too ardent disciples and too close imitators who do what may be done to bring the master into contempt. It is often one of the cruelest effects that an author or an artist suffers from undue neglect during his lifetime, that it is succeeded by a phase of extravagant laudation when he is dead. When all this has passed away in Whistler's case, and we have to judge his effect upon laymen—for with laymen must rest the final judgment—we shall probably find that they too will be unable

to shake off the spell; that, for example, London has been re-created for them by Whistler; London, more especially the Thames, seen in certain effects of evening; and that the very evening itself and the oncoming of night are changed. We can only feel this by comparison; comparison with an inferior artist, such as Mr. Leader, makes the impression more poignant. In Leader, and even in painters of a far higher quality, even in Millais himself, when evening effects are presented, as, say, in the "Vale of Rest," there is something curiously rigid about the picture—it is like a snapshot of a man running. With Whistler all is quite different; we feel in the best of his evening pictures—his nocturnes, as he called them—we feel the movement of Even, the very steps of the goddess, and almost seem to hear the trailing of her violet stole. So that "nocturne" is really a very excellent name for pictures such as these; there is about them a movement which has a far-off likeness to a movement in music. Out of what quality in the painting does it come? First of all, without doubt, it comes from that power of seeing the picture as a whole, taking in all the tones of it at once, of which Whistler was a master, and among moderns the first master; next to that—if indeed this be not only a further development of the same gift—it comes of the compulsion the painter put upon himself to simplify, always to simplify, and, instead of adding details, to take them out. It was precisely this ideal of Whistler's for which he suffered most in his lifetime. His work was reckoned so "unfinished." Sometimes of course, in his combative way, he pushed the simplifying process too far. When he has not done this he attains a simplicity, a unity, and as a necessary result a power in treating certain subjects, of which it would be hard to find the like. An excellent ex-

ample is the lighter Valparaiso nocturne in the recent Whistler Exhibition—the lighter in that it presents only the first approach of evening, while the other Valparaiso nocturne (that which stood in the Large Room) shows almost the fall of night. Both are very good: the evening picture—a sky of pale blue and of gray, a few ships and the most liquid sea which has ever been painted—is of a surpassing excellence. But there are a great number of other nocturnes in this exhibition, and a number more which have not been exhibited there. The continual recurrence of the title—nocturne—reminds us how small seems the gamut over which Whistler runs in his atmospheric studies "en plein air." But have we indeed the right to say that the gamut is small, not rather that the orchestra is modest? The modern cry for a great clash and change of instrumentation in music is rather a vulgar one. Our young composers will be content with nothing short of a vast orchestra; but the master, whom Whistler must have had most often in his thoughts, needs but four stringed instruments to render his most perfect work.

Of recent times, especially among the school which is called the Plein-air School of painters, evening effects have become very common. A few years since there was certainly never an exhibition in the French Salons, scarcely one of our Academy in London, that did not contain some half-dozen effects of a rising moon, shining as often as not upon stooks of corn. These pictures lacked not beauty; but how monotonous they were in the sum!—they and their purple horizons. We have only to let our thoughts rest awhile on these and then turn once more to contemplate in thought a series of Whistler's nocturnes, to see how differently he saw things, with how delicate and varied a brush he has preserved them for us. There were, earlier than this type,

the rigid old-fashioned evening pictures whereof we have just spoken, choosing Leader's work as the best—or worst—examples of it. There are some other effects of twilight (evening or morning twilight) by men of genius which will linger forever in the memory, and, in Ruskin's fine phrase, beat forever on men's minds like the sound of the sea. George Mason's "Harvest Moon" is one of these, Frederick Walker's "Mushroom Gatherers" is another. In Cazin's work, again, what one may call the Plein-air School type of evening rises to an excellence which gives it a place apart. But no one of these pictures nor all together give the abstract and brief chronicle of very evening itself, as Whistler's do. He seems alone a votary of the goddess. The others invoke her for a purpose—to bless returning laborers, to shine on agrestic wealth and rural homes. Whistler worships her for herself and as a solitary. And so considered, one reads the often-quoted passage in his "Ten o'clock" with a sympathy not due to the words alone:

And when evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become *campanili*, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home. . . .<sup>12</sup>

In his other field of painting—portraiture, merging now and again into the subject picture—Whistler's gamut again appears at first sight also very limited. When we saw the "Carlyle" and the "Mother" placed opposite one

to the other in the New Gallery, each on a seated profile to the left, posed almost immediately in front of a parlor-wall, the thought of monotony must intrude itself. Then there are a whole series of evening-dress portraits, beginning with M. Duret's, 'the first and worst,'<sup>13</sup> through Leyland to Sarasate. And the Montesquiou (not exhibited at the New Gallery) is of precisely the same genre. Of the lowness of tone in the majority of these portraits we have already spoken. But here once again reflection corrects in part the first impulse of the onlooker. For if the pose of the "Carlyle" and of the "Mother" is practically identical, the position itself is an original one in portraiture; and if Whistler has rather often painted evening dress, he was the first painter who dared to deal with so unpromising a theme. It was not his fault that we do not wear the rich costumes of Italy in the sixteenth nor of Spain in the seventeenth century; nor do we find in our streets the counterparts of Rembrandt's burgomasters and rabbis, nor Van Dyck's cavaliers. It belonged to Whistler's view of art to do nothing in imitation; to make the best even of the ugliest modern dress: therefore he painted swallow-tail coats and black trousers with gusto. And as regards pose he invented new ones, which are so much his own that few people have dared to imitate them. In the actual pose of a sitter for his portrait there is small possibility of variant in the whole range of Portrait-painting; "standing, three-quarter to the spectator," "seated, three-quarter to the spectator"—these two formulae would cover 90 per cent. of portraits the world over. Giovanni Belli-

<sup>12</sup> Alas! that this fine exordium has a tawdry ending, as of the "picturesque reporter." So let us stop here.

<sup>13</sup> M. Duret has given a very interesting account of how one evening in 1883 the conversation between him and Whistler fell upon the possibilities of evening dress in a portrait,

and how the master engaged the critic to come next day in evening dress. A pink domino was also chosen as an adjunct, as in the picture (No. 10 in the Catalogue). See "Histoire de J. M. Whistler et de son Œuvre," pp. 100-1.



ni's full-face doge and some of Velasquez's which also directly face the front are remembered by their originality. So it is really absurd to say that Whistler was unoriginal, because the position of his "Carlyle" is like the position of his "Mother"; it is rather the originality of the pose in both which gives birth to the thought.

But there remains the blemish of a certain flatness in the painting and the general meagreness of color. Whistler was right in contending that a portrait should stand well "behind" the frame, so that very high lights on the figure are an absurdity unless you be supposed to be looking into another room with a lighting of its own: and that would be mere fantasy. But that rightness does not excuse other wrongnesses. The pathetic and beautiful "Carlyle" is still a trifle wooden, even a little shadowy.

Whistler again was not, as his out-and-out admirers pretend, a master of technique: geniuses rarely are that at the outset, nor so soon as merely talented folk. Whistler used, Mr. Menpes tells us, to come out depressed in a double sense from the Academy exhibitions, first by the vast amount of rubbish which found favor there; and secondly, by a sort of skill which the uninspired painters of the rubbish displayed. "I couldn't do that," he would say at such times. As an executant Mr. Sargent in his portraits shows himself much Whistler's superior, but not in any other quality. Whistler was unfortunate, too, in still more material details. His early pictures, those which were painted with a thick impasto, give evidence that some bad medium was used: they are already cracking woefully. "Old Westminster Bridge," for example, an early work of great interest and very high merit, is a mass of cracks. And the "Mother" seems to have got yellowed, not quite pleasantly, by age.

Very soon Whistler changed altogether his method of painting, abandoning the one which he had probably learnt from Delacroix's pictures and Courbet's companionship. He painted with a very fluid medium and made it his principle that at each sitting the whole of the canvas should be painted over. The background—generally dark—of his portraits was put on with a house-painter's brush, or something very like it. The flesh and other important tones were carefully prepared on the palette, so that the palette itself looked like a sort of ghost of the picture; and then the tones were laid on with great rapidity and a very free hand, which was often, but by no means always, a very accurate touch likewise. His conscientiousness was extreme: one fragment out of tone, and the whole picture was repainted at the next sitting. He has been known to have a hundred sittings. Three sisters in succession sat for one picture, and all three in succession grew too old, so that the picture was unfinished at the last. That is perhaps rather an example of obstinacy than of perseverance, and that vein of obstinacy in Whistler was the way in which hostile criticism injured him the most, by confirming the defects it discovered.

But he must have had his happy moments of rapid and successful execution; how otherwise could he have left us that exquisite series of child portraits—"Miss Alexander," "The Little Rose of Lyme Regis," "Lillie in Our Alley," "The Girl in Black" (No. 6 of the Catalogue), and many more, which are among the very best of Whistler's work?<sup>14</sup>

Of nudes, many small pastels, some lithographs and etchings, were shown at the exhibition in the New Gallery; and one large decorative picture of

<sup>14</sup> There seems, however, to be some defect in the drawing of the mouth in the first of the pictures here mentioned, otherwise the best.



great interest and curiosity, which, be it said in parenthesis, was quite misdescribed in the catalogue.<sup>15</sup> The color scheme of this piece is not quite comprehensible. But there is one figure—the standing nude figure on the left—which is of remarkable and exceptional beauty. It, like the pastels which hung near the large canvas, has evidently been inspired by Tanagra terracottas, and with that thought in our minds it is impossible not to contrast that standing nude with Gérôme's vulgar statue "Tanagra" in the Luxembourg. But of course the natural comparison is between Whistler's nude and one by any master of the English school. It is a world above the female figure in Millais's "Knight Errant" in the Tate Gallery; but no one would place the one completely nude figure that Millais painted high among that artist's work. Nor again could anyone place the Life in "Life and Love" very high in Mr. Watts's production. Certainly in all technical qualities Whistler's figure is superior. But Whistler never again reached so high a level as this; and a good many of the pastels are of small merit.

It is still the fashion among a certain sort of dilettanti to put Whistler's black-and-white, more especially the etchings, above his painting. Without doubt, if he had never touched a brush, Whistler would still be famous as an etcher. And yet, that this is so should rather make the judicious grieve. It is impossible not to think that the color-sense of the painter was injured by the diligence of the etcher. The grays and blacks, it has been already said, form the basis of almost all Whistler's portraits, of fully one half of his entire work. In his later manner he always covered his canvas with a "couche" of black paint. In the "Miss Alexander"

black is used, as M. Duret truly says, not as a mere "repoussoir" to bring up the other colors of the composition, but as a substantive color. Now etching is a so much lower branch of art than painting, that all Whistler's achievements in that field might well be sacrificed to improve his finest pictures, just where they need improvement. We are not obliged to summon up the Venetians to realize how poor is the coloring of Whistler's portraits taken all in all. They should be compared there where they invite comparison; we have but to "drag in Velasquez" and they seem to wither a little and to fade.

In his etchings Whistler had the same preoccupation as in his painting—the wisest of all—to see with his own eyes and see things that are, not things as they have been made by tradition and convention. This is why the Venetian etchings, which are among his very best, were at first such a disappointment to the world. As Mr. Wedmore says, a visitor to Venice was expected to have his mind filled with memories of the past, and with the writings of Ruskin: to look for nothing but the monuments of architecture, and to see these, not as they are to-day, but reconstructed by the imagination. But Whistler went determined to reproduce only what his eye saw; that was, whatever was picturesque and presentable in black-and-white of the Venice of to-day, fragments of muddy canals, with clothes-lines stretched beside or above them, a beggar woman in a dark archway, a young mother with her babe, the vast expanse of the lagoons, where St. Mark's or San Giorgio sinks to the horizon. Once more it was the protest of realism, of the special art for the sake of the special art.

And let us not forget that behind and above the more obvious points for which Whistler contended, with a method of warfare not of the wisest

<sup>15</sup> A most incomplete catalogue in all respects. For instance, there is hardly a painting mentioned in it of which the date is given.

nor the best, there stands an eternal truth eternally slighted by mankind—that the act of the discoverer, the inventor, the creator in art or in science, is of more worth than all criticisms, all explanations, and the babblings of a thousand commentators. Two lines of great verse—such lines as

*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane,  
memento;  
Hæc tibi erunt artes;*

as

*The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,  
Amid the cypress with which Dante  
crowned  
His visionary brow;*

as

*Thou foster-child of Silence and slow  
Time;*

or even this, of the almost forgotten  
Daniel:

*Relieve my languish and restore the  
light  
With dark forgetting of my care  
return;*

—are of more gain to the world than a lifetime spent in writing leading articles, if the world could be got to think so.

Edinburgh Review.

And so with painting. It is safest to dwell on the landscape side of Whistler's art, for here he has no rival. His portraits have a something which no other portraits have. But yet if they had all disappeared, and Velasquez had remained, one cannot say that the loss would have been enormous. But landscape is a modern art. And all those nocturnes (for example) are a gain not alone to art, not so much to that as to human vision. There are so few who really have the faculty of seeing! Why otherwise did men persist for ages in representing, upon bas-relief profiles, the full eye of a front view? It must have been one man who discovered and taught others to see that the profile eye is not like that. So it is with all things. Wander by the Thames side in London of an evening, and you see a Whistler at every step, as those two critics separately beheld a Whistler when they first arrived on the English coast. Nowadays, it has been said, sites along the Thames side have "gone up" because Whistler painted. This is the best sort of wisdom "the general" are capable of—of being wise after the event; of accepting the discovery when the discoverer is already grown old or is in his grave.

### CROCODILE-FISHING.

Ah Chow, my China boy, looked on with a quiet appreciative smile, hovering gently in the background a yard or two behind my chair. We were in the back verandah of my bungalow; in front of me a strange Malay squatted on the floor, and beside him were weird implements—some gigantic hooks, four or five coils of rattan, a basket full of odds and ends, and four dead fowls. The Malay, as he came into the house, had told Ah Chow in answer to a question as to his business that we were go-

ing to catch crocodiles, and had imagined that by the bald communication he had conveyed to the China boy all that was necessary for a full comprehension of the matter. Ah Chow was naturally only the more puzzled by the information. Shooting, he flattered himself, he knew all about; he knew every gun and rifle in the glass-fronted baize-backed gun-rack, and the class of game that each was intended for. He rather thought that he knew something about fishing too, and that there

was not much one could teach him about the proper care of rods and tackle. Golf-clubs, raquets, and such accessories of mere amusement he did not see to himself,—the Tamil orderlies could be trusted to do that; but his eye was always upon them, and his hand ever ready to correct. He thought that he had seen every form of "play" the East had to offer, but frankly admitted to himself that the Malay's extraordinary paraphernalia was something new. He held it to be his duty in my interests to learn all he could of this new thing, and, though too proud and too shy to question the Malay in my presence, and thereby admit his ignorance, was determined not to miss anything that he could see.

Manap was the name of the Malay,—Abdulmanap bin Mohamed Ismail, to give him his full ceremonial name, and Manap Rimau or Tiger Manap, to give him his distinguishing name. He was a professional crocodile-catcher, making his living out of the reward offered by Government for the extermination of these animals. His skill and extraordinary daring in shooting tigers, also of course for the Government reward, had earned him his *sobriquet*. He lived near the sea, close to the mangrove swamps where his work lay, and had come up to Taiping in answer to a letter from me. As he sat on the floor amid his paraphernalia he talked of indifferent subjects for the period prescribed by etiquette, and then I asked him to show me the lines he had brought with him.

"It is cooler in the house, Tuan, than by the lake; shall I bait the hooks here?" He pulled out a knife some twenty inches long and carefully thumbed the blade. "And the Tuan wants to know not only how to catch crocodiles but to learn the charms and lore in connection with it? Well, whatever it be that one intends to learn, one must start from the beginning.

The boys at school begin with Alif, the first letter of the alphabet, and to catch crocodiles one must know the beginning of crocodiles. The first crocodile had its origin in the following manner. Siti Fatimah was the daughter of the Prophet Mahomed, and Petri Padang Gerinsing was the name of her nurse. One day the nurse took the sheath of a betel-nut palm-leaf, and on it moulded some clay into the shape of what is now a crocodile, and the palm-leaf sheath formed the belly of the animal. Of the joints of some sugarcane she made its ribs. On its head she placed a pointed stone, and bits of turmeric formed its eyes; its tail was a leaf of the betel-nut palm. She then tried to give life to it, but at once it fell to pieces. Twice this happened; but the third time she prayed to the Almighty God for life for it, and at once the animal breathed and moved. For many years it was the plaything of the Prophet's daughter; but at last, with increasing size, it became disobedient, and, Petri Padang Gerinsing being by this time old and feeble, Siti Fatimah cursed the animal, saying, "Thou shalt become the crocodile of the sea; nothing that thou shalt eat shall have taste for thee, and pleasure and desire shall not be known to thee." She forthwith drew out all its teeth and pulled the tonsils from its mouth, and then to close its mouth drove nails through from the upper to the lower jaw and from the lower to the upper jaw. The crocodile was allowed to escape, but soon found a way to open its jaw, and the nails driven in by Siti Fatimah have become the teeth that it now has."

Manap knew the folk-story off by heart, and probably repeated it in the identical words in which he had first heard it. "It is because the eyes of the first crocodile were made of turmeric that to this day a crocodile cannot struggle successfully against a man

who knows the properties of turmeric. A piece of turmeric rubbed on the line will weaken the crocodile's resistance, and if we sprinkle the boat with water in which turmeric has been soaked the crocodile will not attack it. Turmeric rubbed on a crocodile's head quickly kills it."

"And this, Tuan, is the way to bait the hooks." From the coil of rattans he produced one about twenty yards long, a piece of stout native-made rope about three yards long attached to one end of it, and at the end of the rope was a hook. The fine strands of which the rope was composed were separate from one another, so that when the hook was taken by a crocodile they would slip into the interstices of its teeth, and afford nothing on to which the animal could bite.

The hook was some seven inches long and three and a half inches across from point to shank. It was of native-wrought iron, and half-way up the shank, on the side towards the point of the hook, was a loop. The rope was attached to the hook at this loop,—that is to say, it was attached to the hook half-way up the shank instead of at the end of the shank, as is the case in the ordinary hook. The point of the hook was not barbed, and the end of the shank was sharpened. The effect of this curious attachment is obvious: supposing the bait to be swallowed, a strain on the line would tend to pull the hook transversely across the gullet of the animal, the point of the hook would catch in some part of the throat, and as soon as this happens the sharpened shank-point would catch in the opposite side of the throat. An animal thus hooked could only escape by breaking the line.

"I brought fowls for bait, Tuan, because I was hurried. White fowls are the best, for the crocodile can see them farther; but if I had had time I would have shot a monkey. There is nothing

that a crocodile likes better than one of the gray long-tailed monkeys. He sees them playing and leaping in the mangrove-trees at high tide, and trooping over the mud flats at low tide, and at all times they scream and scold and chatter at him. It is seldom that he catches one, but when he does it is very sweet to him."

Manap then took a fowl, which he had previously gutted and half-plucked, and eyed it carefully, and, after looking at it and at the hook from every point of view, split it open down the breast. He then buried the length of the hook in the incision he had made. The bend of the hook fitted closely to the curve of the fowl's rump, and the hook's point was hidden under a wing, while the sharpened point of the shank could be felt near the fowl's neck. With some native fibre he then bound the bait as tightly as possible to the hook near the loop, taking great care not to impede the pivotal action of the loop. At the two extremities of the hook he tied on the bait with a much finer fibre, and tied it so that, while the meat could not slip and uncover the bone, yet, at a sudden jerk on the main line, the slender bands would snap and the hook-point and shank-point would start from the protecting covering and stand ready to pierce any part of the crocodile's gullet they might touch. It did not take him long to bait the four hooks he had brought, and he was then ready to make a start.

In the meantime I had explained the reason of my having sent for him. Taiping, the town in which we were, is the capital of the leading native state of the Malay Peninsula, and is happy in the possession of a beautiful public garden and an ornamental lake. Until they were made, their site was a wilderness of abandoned mine-holes and spoil-banks. The Chinese method of winning alluvial tin ore (the mineral on which the source of the wealth of

Perak at present depends) is to open an enormous pit and to bodily remove the earth from it until the substratum that carries the tin ore is exposed. When the mine is worked and abandoned, there is left a hole which may vary from twenty to sixty feet in depth, and which, in exceptional cases, may extend for half a mile in length and a hundred yards or more in breadth; and beside this gigantic excavation, which in the rainy climate of the Peninsula quickly fills to the brim with water, there are mounds of corresponding extent where the overburden has been taken out and deposited. To form the Taiping lake a series of such abandoned mines were connected, a dam erected at their lower end, and a small mountain-stream deviated into the enclosure. Many of the old spoil-banks were left to form islands in the lake, some of them covered with closely mown turf and dotted with palms, while others, by way of contrast, were allowed to remain under the wild luxuriant growth of nature. A circular road, some two miles long, runs through the gardens and round the lake, and here the European community rides and drives in the afternoon; the golf-links are on one side, and on the other is the race-course. It is not the sort of place where one would expect to find crocodiles: one looks for them in tidal rivers or backwaters, but not in an artificial lake in a public garden. Crocodiles have, however, the most extraordinary roving propensities, and often leave their native river to make journeys of many miles overland. In the interior of Perak they have been found in abandoned mine-holes so far from any stream that it is difficult even to guess from which direction they have wandered, or to tell whether it was by accident or design that they discovered an isolated pool in a limitless extent of tropical forest. It made it none the

less extraordinary, but it was easy to see how the crocodiles had got into the Taiping lake: the Squirrel river, though a small, shallow, gravelly stream, incapable of affording food or shelter to a crocodile, runs close by, and lower down joins a tidal river. A crocodile could make its way either up the channel of the Squirrel or through the jungle on its bank for a distance of some three miles, and it would then be opposite the lake. After that, to travel some two or three hundred yards overland, and to cross a metalled cart-road, would afford but little difficulty. It is easy to see how it is done, but who can say why it is done? Why should a crocodile leave a river stocked with food, explore for miles an utterly unsuitable tributary, and then wander inland until it strikes a pool? One can only say that it does; and rumor had it that three of these brutes had found their way into the lake. So long as they confined their attention to the fish, and perhaps an occasional duck, no one objected to their presence; but when one of them began to take sheep off the bank as they came down to drink, and had even gone so far as to make an attempt on a cow, it was felt that the brutes ought to be exterminated. When children and ayahs were playing on the banks, anything might happen, and so I sent for Manap.

When the baits were all ready Manap went down to the lake to wait for me there, and with him went Ah Chow, nominally to see that he got the paddles, but really to gratify what he considered pardonable if undignified curiosity. Everything was ready when I came, and Manap and I pushed off in a Malay dugout to reconnoitre the lake. It was fairly shallow towards the sides, but in the centre there were some very deep old mine-holes; and to approach these pools, which were almost certainly where the crocodiles



were to be found, one had to pass by one or another of the islands that I have mentioned. We decided to leave a line at each entrance between the islands, and Manap proceeded to unwind one of the coils of rattan, and straightened out the curves in it until it followed the canoe, floating on the top of the water like a yellow snake. Out of his basket he produced a piece of wood large enough to carry the hook and bait, and sufficiently buoyant to support its weight above the level of the water. To this wood he fastened the bait with some bamboo pegs, and then gently stopped the canoe between two islands, where a narrow entrance led to a deep secluded pool. Carefully placing the bait and its wooden support in the water so that it floated true and upright, he muttered the following invocation:—

Sang Raga, Sang Ragai,  
Receive this gift from Siti Fatimah.  
If thou receive it not,  
The water will choke you,  
The bones of animals will choke you,  
The skins of animals will choke you,  
The blood of animals will choke you.

He then picked up the paddle and struck the water three resounding blows with the flat blade. "The crocodile will hear that," he turned to say, "and will come the sooner." He then pushed the bait about two or three yards away from the land so that it floated in open water, and carefully disposed the rattan-line along the bushes which fringed the island in such manner that none of it lay in the water. The end of the rattan was not fastened to anything, and the crocodile was free to carry off hook, line, and bait whither it chose; but wherever it might go, the rattan would float on the water's surface and betray the presence of the crocodile. We placed the three other baits in suitable localities, and then had done all that we could for the present. The sun

was setting, and as he paddled back Manap explained that a gorge-bait is necessary, and that it is useless to attempt to use a snap-bait. Even if, as sometimes happens, a crocodile seizes the bait the moment that it is put in the water, it must be given time to swallow it, for the hook will find no hold in the bony cartilage of its mouth. What surprised me more than anything was the smallness of the bait: it seemed strange that any animal addicted to carrying off cattle should deign to notice so insignificant a morsel as a chicken. "They will eat anything," Manap said—"frogs or rats, if they can get nothing bigger."

We were back at the lake a little after sunrise the next morning, and as soon as we got near the place where the first line had been set, we saw that the bait had disappeared. Manap's eyes glistened. He put everything in order in the canoe, pushed his jungle-knife, the boat-pole, and his compendious basket into the bows of the canoe, and paddled gently towards the spot. Suddenly his face fell. "Misbegotten child of Satan!" he muttered, then he turned to me. "See, Tuan, it is not a crocodile, but a scoundrelly iguana that has taken the bait, for there is the rattan still hanging on the bushes. A crocodile would have swam away to its retreat with line and all before it swallowed the bait."

We paddled up and found that the "scoundrelly iguana" had taken the bait out of the water, dragged it a few yards into the land, and had then stripped the hook clear, leaving only the bare metal. There was nothing to be done but to coil up the rattan and take it away. Most loathsome animals are these iguanas, to call them by their popular designation, though I believe that "monitor lizard" is their more proper name. They have wonderful powers of scent, and are always to be found near carrion. One often



sees them, when sitting up for a tiger, over a "kill." They come shambling awkwardly through the undergrowth, and, after a careful scrutiny on every side, tear huge mouthfuls of flesh out of the carcass. The first time that I saw one was many years ago, when the now respected head of department in the Hongkong Civil Service and I were both griffins, with only a few days' experience of the East. He shot it, partly because he did not know what it was, and we both examined the dead beast curiously.

"Iguana," he said; "very good eating, I am told—rather like fricasseed chicken."

I acquiesced, for, like every one else, I had heard of the similarity to fricasseed chicken, though why it should be fricasseed chicken rather than roast or boiled chicken is beyond me.

"I vote we have it for dinner," I added.

"Curious sort of tongue it's got,—forked like a snake."

"It's not double,—by Jove! it's got three tongues. Look here," and he bent down and gave a tug at what he imagined to be the third tongue, and pulled out by its tail an enormous dead rat! Apparently the iguana had only caught the rat the moment before it had met us, and had not had time to swallow it. At any rate we both left hurriedly, and iguana did not figure on the menu that night.

But to return to the subject: we found that the three other baits had not been touched, and we could do nothing therefore but objurgate the iguana, and go home to hope that a crocodile would soon be hungry. We went out again the same afternoon, when the heat of the day was over, and found another bait gone. Rattan-line and all had disappeared, and there was no doubt that it was a crocodile this time. We carefully examined a deep pool that lay close by, and then a second pool, and afterwards a third

inner pool, from which the other led, and here we found the piece of wood on which the bait had floated. There were marks of crocodile's teeth on it. At the farthest corner of the pool we saw the end of the rattan-line floating on the water, and knew that the crocodile was at the other end of it. Decks were cleared for action: Manap was of course barefooted, and I took off my shoes and stockings, so that my bare feet might have as good a hold as possible on the smooth bottom of the dug-out. Everything was pushed up into the bows except the barbed spear, which was to play an important part in the proceedings. This spear was made on the same principle as a harpoon. A rope is attached to a barbed iron spearhead, into a socket of which the spear shaft fits loosely: as soon as a blow has been driven home with the spear, the shaft detaches from the head, and the stricken animal is held by the rope and the barb.

I stood up in the middle of the canoe, and the spear with its coil of rope lay at my feet. Manap sat in the stern paddling gently. As we approached the rattan-line glided away mysteriously. The crocodile had seen us coming, and, unconscious of the fatal rattan which marked its course, had moved into deeper water. I seized the line and rapidly pulled in the slack; in an instant I felt the crocodile on the line, and jerked the line hard, so as to snap the slender fibre bands round the bait and to set the hook free to catch in the crocodile's gullet. Then I held on and drove the hook well home. The curious electric sensation that thrills a line when a fish is on it told that the crocodile was well hooked. At once it moved off into the deep water at the centre of the pool, dragging the canoe after it: the sensation of blind terror which the brute felt at the pain of the hook, and of the force which bound

it to it knew not what, was plainly transmitted along the tautened line. For some few yards it sullenly resisted as I slowly hauled in the line hand by hand: it was numb and sick with fright, but only for a few yards, and then it burst into a wild fury. For years it had been the tyrant of the lake, and since it had left its native river had never come into contact with anything stronger and more powerful than itself; and it would not yield the supremacy, much less its life, without a struggle. Wildly lashing the water, it turned to dive to the bottom and to break the rattan-line. I was brought almost to my knees, and had to pay out the line I had pulled in, and it was all that I could do to hold on to the end of the line while the crocodile towed us, canoe and all, towards the second pool. Again I hauled in the line with all my might, and Manap skilfully kept the canoe head on to the crocodile. In the contest I had the great factor in my favor that I had not so much to pull the crocodile up to the canoe as to pull the canoe up to the crocodile; but, on the other hand, my foothold in the unstable cockle-shell of a canoe was not always as sure as might be desired. After a protracted struggle I managed to get the crocodile within a few yards of the canoe, and in the clear blue water of the pool we could see its yellow length under the canoe fighting and snapping at the line, and turning and twisting as it fought. But the sight of the canoe was too much for it, and with a desperate effort it tore the line out of my grasp until again only the end of it remained in my hands, and continued the struggle in the depths of the pool. Again I pulled in the line, and yard by yard it yielded. This time I saw that I could get it within reach of the canoe; and when it was within three or four yards of us, I handed the line to Manap and picked up the spear. "Stab it in the soft part

of the throat, Tuan, or under the stomach, not in the back or sides; and stab quickly, for the line may be partly bitten through." With straining muscles Manap hauled on the line, and, swirling like "Ugudwash the sun-fish," the crocodile came up fighting through the water. As it came to the surface the water that had heaved and rocked to our exertions burst into a fury of foam. In the middle of the turmoil one could see four extended claws with every nail outstretched, a swingeing lashing tail, and a long flat head with open jaw: all were mixed into a horrid interminable knot like a Chinese dragon on a plate. For a second it straightened, and as it did so Manap hauled its head above the level of the water, and I had a clear view of a whitey-yellow throat, at which I stabbed with all my strength. Who is responsible for the travellers' tale that the crocodile's skin is impervious to steel weapons, and even to bullets? Into the soft yielding flesh I felt the spear-head enter to its hilt, and then I wrenched the spear-shaft free from the socket and seized the coil of rope at my feet. Thus we now had double hold on the crocodile, Manap grasping by the rattan-line and hook, and I by the barbed spear and rope. If there had been a storm before, there was a tornado now. At one moment the open jaws would surge out of the broken water and snap together in unpleasant proximity to our legs; the next moment the heavy tail would swing free of the water, and, lashing through the air with the cut of a flicking whip and the weight of a falling tree, would hit the side of the canoe a blow that made it shiver. More than once the great claws got on the gunwale of the canoe, and it seemed as if in the blind turmoil the brute would get on board. We were both drenched from head to foot in the water, which flew in every direction, and the canoe rocked so violently

in the waves of the commotion that there was no little risk of losing one's balance and falling in on top of the raging brute.

"We have him too close to the boat, Tuan; let out more line."

We slowly paid out the two lines, with the result that not only was the struggle continued at a safer distance, but the crocodile entangled itself in the lines. As it writhed and twisted, and turned on every side and in every direction, the rope caught an outstretched leg on one side, made a loop round it, and then caught in a leg on the other side. As each limb was caught we let out more line, so that, while of course the line was always taut, there was sufficient length of it between the crocodile and ourselves to enable the animal to entangle itself still further. In a few minutes all four legs were caught, and the crocodile's struggles became less violent; for although most of its power lay in its tail, yet the legs were needed to balance the body in the water, and without this balance its muscular efforts became ill-directed and uncertain. Twice in its contortions the crocodile slipped the ropes from its legs, and the struggle began anew until they were caught again. In the restraint of the entangling ropes the crocodile's efforts, though they increased rather than otherwise, had only a diminishing effect, and a few more minutes were all that was necessary. "I think that we can manage now." We both pulled our lines in until the crocodile was a few feet from the canoe. "Will the Tuan take both lines, one in each hand?" Manap handed his line over to me, and picked up a piece of stout box-cord some three or four yards long with a running noose at one end of it. "Now, Tuan, hold steady with the line on the spear-head, and pull hard on the hook-line, so as to bring his head as far as possible above the water." I followed the di-

rections, and as the open mouth appeared above the water Manap dexterously slipped the noose over the animal's upper jaw and pulled it tight, some six inches behind the point of its nostrils. Then, snatching his opportunity, with a quick turn of his wrist he slipped the slack of the cord round under the lower jaw. By pulling on the cord he could now bring upper and lower jaw together and close the animal's mouth. "Pull him closer into the boat." For a fraction of a second the animal was quiescent with its mouth bound by the single turn of the cord. Like lightning Manap in that time had twisted his wrist, and a second circle of the cord lay round the closed jaws. He drew the cord tight, and the teeth of each jaw pressed home into the sockets of the other. "Now pull his head over the gunwale of the canoe." As the long pointed head appeared over the side of the canoe, Manap firmly seized it by the nostril. It seemed the maddest thing possible. Here was a brute that a few seconds before had been raging like a devil incarnate: we were still half blinded by the spray it had flung in our faces, and the dug-out still rocked in the waves its wild struggles had raised. For a moment it was still, and a cord was round its mouth; but the cord might easily slip with any sudden movement, either of the crocodile or of ourselves, and there was nothing to show that the struggle was over—far from it. One shuddered to think of what would have happened had the cord slipped: the hand that pressed so confidently on the brute's nostrils would be snapped and seized in a second, Manap would be taken overboard and worried and shaken like a rat by a terrier, and would drown before my eyes in the crocodile's embrace. But no such thing happened. Manap grasped the point of the long narrow head with one hand, and with the other

rapidly wound the cord round the clenched mouth, ending it off with a half-hitch knot. The extraordinary thing was that while Manap did this, though the time as a matter of fact was only two or three seconds, the crocodile remained comparatively still; the front feet, it is true, clawed wildly at the canoe's side, but they could not reach Manap's hands. The surging, swirling turmoil ceased, and from the moment that the cord was slipped round its jaws the crocodile appeared to give up all heart. No sooner was the knot tied round the crocodile's mouth than Manap produced another cord and slipped it over a fore-leg, pulling the leg up to the animal's side; he then slipped the line over its back, and caught up the other foreleg with it. He pulled the two fore-legs together over the crocodile's back as far as he could, and, passing the cord round them once or twice, tied it in a knot. With a third cord he noosed and tied together the two hind-legs. "*Su-dah*," he said. "That is finished." What he had effected was perfectly marvellous. In one minute he had transformed a ravening water-devil into a trussed-up monstrosity, and his only weapon had been three pieces of box-cord. The furious monster that, all open mouth, whirling tail, and outspread claws, had bent itself into strenuous coils like the Dragon of China, now lay long and limp beside the canoe. The tightly closed mouth and the legs tied awkwardly over its back made it look almost ridiculous. The fight was over. "If the Tuan will hold the rattan-line, I will paddle the canoe ashore." The crocodile did not make another effort: a deep groan burst from its clenched mouth two or three times, and it allowed itself to be towed alongside the canoe like a dead thing. When we reached the edge of the lake Manap dragged it ashore by the golf-links, and killed it with a few blows of

a heavy wooden bar. It was between nine and ten feet long, and the clear water of the lake had given it a most beautiful bright-yellow color. The girth of its body and its weight showed that it had been feeding well, and as it had taken to attacking cattle, it was time that it was caught. A man seized by it would have had no chance whatever of escape. Manap dragged the body off towards the police-station for the Government reward, and as I turned to go to the club I caught a glimpse of Ah Chow moving forward from behind some trees to give him a helping hand.

Such was the taking of the first crocodile that Manap and I caught together. Though we often set baits for the other two crocodiles that were said to inhabit the lake, we never caught them. But in the old mine-holes round Taiping I caught many afterwards, some with Manap and some without him. The second time that I went out with Manap I took the cord myself to tie up the crocodile's mouth. It was one of the most exciting moments I have ever experienced. As in other hazardous enterprises that require some nerve, such as playing with poisonous snakes or making parachute descents, that of which one most feels the want in one's maiden effort is the confidence which comes only by experience and success. It is not a thing in which one graduates; the maxim is inverted, and one must be perfect before one practises.

On another occasion I set some lines in an abandoned mine-hole adjoining a big mine where some twelve or fourteen hundred Chinese coolies were working. They saw us engaged with a crocodile at the water's edge, and, to satisfy their curiosity, flocked down upon us so thickly and so close that they nearly pressed us into the water on top of the struggling animal. It was only by threatening them with the

spear that I was able to keep the barest space around us. Another time I set two lines in an abandoned mine-hole, and when I went the next morning could find no sign of them. We paddled round the water's edge and examined every inch most carefully, then we inspected a tiny creek that led into the hole and followed it for half a mile or so. Not a sign of any rattan: we followed the creek where it led out of the pool, and went down it for about a mile. Again not a sign anywhere, and coming to the conclusion that some rascal of a Chinaman had seen the rattans and had stolen them, we cursed him heartily and went home disgusted. About a week afterwards, a note was sent to me from the police-station to say that a Malay had brought a crocodile there and said that he thought it belonged to me. I went over to the station, and there was one of my missing lines and attached to it was a crocodile. The Malay's story was that he was cutting firewood in the jungle about a mile from the pool where I had set my lines, and had seen the rattan lying on the ground. He naturally picked it up, and was considerably surprised to find a crocodile at the other end of it. It was a rather small one, and with assistance he killed it; and having heard of my lost lines, naturally concluded that this was one of them, and brought it to the police-station. To his delight I told the po-

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lice to pay over the Government reward to him. Nothing was ever heard of the other missing line. I imagine that both lines were taken by crocodiles, and that the animals, after swallowing the baits, had felt suspicious of the rattan-lines that followed them wherever they went, and had left the pool in the hope of getting rid of them. That the animal which the Malay came across should have been resting so far from water is remarkable, and that the two animals should have taken the baits on the same day and both abandoned the pool to wander overland is most extraordinary.

Sometimes one hooks a crocodile that is too big to be tackled. "One should always have a second spear handy," was Manap's advice, "for sometimes the crocodile may 'amok' and attack the boat. If the crocodile floats up to the top and looks over the water to see what it is that pesters him, then, Tuan, shoot him at once if you have a rifle, or else drop the line and go home; for the next thing that he will do when he feels the line again will be to dash at the boat and board it. And then what is one to do?"

A crocodile twenty-four feet eight inches long hangs in the Taiping museum, and when one sees an animal of this size one may well echo Manap's question, "And then what is one to do?"

*George Maxwell.*

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## THE FOURTH TIME.

Very few of the erudite young gentlemen who proceed to India to "Batten on the life-blood of the starving ryot" start as well conditioned as James Mandeville, B.A., I.C.S. Few of them, indeed, look their part of horrid villainy, being mostly of affable and nervous disposition, with a propensity to

write home and a penchant for extracting sympathy at their prospective desolate existence.

Jimmy was at once susceptible and provident, and on leaving the University of Cambridge he married a wife. Nor did his tastes, gregarious to the point of domesticity, stop him even



there. Mrs. James possessed a sister one year older than herself. The two girls had lived together all their lives, and showed no desire to determine the inconvenient habit.

"Very well," said Jimmy of the peaceful mind, "let Molly come too."

"Are you sure you don't mind?" said Mrs. Mandeville. "You are rather a dear, you know."

"Not a bit," he declared. "Think it'll be rather rippin', you know, what?"

Then Molly talked to him herself.

"Don't you hate old maids, Jimmy?" began this old maid of twenty-three.

"Rather." But he was always anxious not to give pain, and in perpetual discomfort in Molly's presence. He valued it as wholesome moral discipline, discounting, in her absence, its more stringent features by the reflection that probably she herself knew little more of what she meant than he could gather from her words. So he went on.

"I don't call *you* an old maid, Molly."

"That's dear of you," she said sweetly. "You still have hopes I may go off safely?"

"I know you're having me on, you know."

"Oh, Jimmy, don't say that. Especially if I go to India. So many girls—as old as I am, really—get married in India. That's why we go, you know."

James was looking out of the window of her aunt's house, where they were staying. His fertile mind—it was because of his fertile mind that the Civil Service Commissioners had chosen him—conceived a plan.

"There's that beastly dog in the chrysanthemums again," he cried. Then he departed on a mission to induce facts to prove his words.

Meanwhile Molly rearranged her bronze hair before the glass, doing it badly because she laughed so much, and worse for stopping in the middle

to kiss her reflection. The mirror appeared not to mind at all.

Before the wedding Alice had had to choose the best man.

"You must get Mr. Elkard, dearest. You will, won't you?"

Jimmy whistled softly. "Fancy Elkard's rather much of a duke, these days, what?" he inquired.

"Jimmy! do you mean I'm not good enough for your friends? Don't you want to marry me? because, if not, you've only got to say so." When at last they got back to the subject, Jimmy was much more discreet.

"You see, it's like this. Elkard and I were very thick at school, and he was awfully nice to me at the 'Varsity before he went down, and that sort of thing. But you see, he's three or four years older than I am, and so beastly good at everything, don't you know. And now he's in the House, and getting so well known, and all that, it looks a bit—well, you know. What d'ye think, dear? Expect he's forgotten me by this time."

"Oh has he," said Alice slowly and deliberately. "Well, at any rate he hasn't forgotten me."

"The deuce he hasn't," cried James, "and why hasn't he?"

"Oh, James, is it as easy as all that?"

But this time Jimmy really wanted to know. Perhaps there was some little reason, for Jasper Elkard was well on the way to being accounted a remarkable man. Then he learned that one autumn Alice and he had stayed with different people in the same county, that their hosts were friends, and that the two house parties had coalesced a good deal.

"For a week or two I saw quite a lot of Mr. Elkard," murmured Alice demurely. She had a knack of saying terrible things with a blank unconsciousness which it was impossible to reprove. Last year, it appeared, they had met again in Piccadilly, and he had



called, by request, at the cousins' with whom she was staying. It appeared that the two should be regarded as friends. So they decided that Mr. Elkard, M.P., was to be best man. But unfortunately Molly was informed, and she, having a priggish habit of reading the newspapers, announced at once that Mr. Elkard, M.P., had left England a week before as one of the commissioners in a boundary arbitration. Nor did he return before they sailed, though he found time, having received an invitation, to send them on the great day a cablegram, which said, "Here's luck." This wording suggests economy, but it had been preceded by a silver *entrée* dish—a present with the advantage of being strictly impersonal. A liqueur case peculiarly indicates the husband: a bracelet especially the wife. But an *entrée* dish makes no invidious distinction; it is just the proper present from a rising politician.

Before they all came home again—and there were five of them to come home—Jasper Elkard had risen. No longer could he slink out to golf without a record in the papers of the return of the Right Honorable Jasper Elkard, M.P., Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. They had spoken of him, heard something of his marvellous success, from time to time in the five years; and once, when the news of the son and heir appeared, there had been a long letter to the two of them, a letter which was the one letter, the one set of words that could have been put together to say just what they wanted said, to tell them all the things they wanted to know, which nobody else ever writes. With the best of the new jokes, and the cream of the London news—the dear silly news we always want to know. There should be special classes in correspondence compulsory on people who intend to send their relatives out to India.

Alice had read the letter aloud after tiffin.

"It's just like him," declared Molly softly. "Just the mad way he talks—all parentheses and irrelevancy."

Alice sat up with a bang, and the four weeks' old King of India expressed his just resentment.

"Do you know Mr. Elkard, Molly?"

Molly looked round slowly. "Yes," she said, "I've met him—three times."

"You never told me. When was it?"

"Ever so long ago. The first time it was a dinner at the Blenkinsops', and a dance afterwards. And then about a year afterwards we played together in a foursome at Hoylake."

"Did you, indeed. And the third time?"

"The third time was playing golf, too. But we only just said How'd you do. Don't be excited, Alice. It's not thrilling."

Alice nursed the baby reflectively for a while.

"What did you think of him?"

"Oh, much the same as other people do, I expect. Play you fifty up, Jimmy?"

"Right," said Jimmy, and they went in.

Now the five years were over, and they were settled for a few months in a flat north of the Park. Molly was still with them. One major, two deputy-commissioners, a man in the Irrigation Department, and some four sub-alterns had probably cursed their servants and gone to bed drunk on eight several occasions during the five years, but Molly Masson was still Molly Masson. The old maid bore up wonderfully even at twenty-eight. Perhaps a little of the burnish was gone from her bronze hair, perhaps the carmine of her lips excited a shade less envy. And quite a lot of the color of her cheeks had somehow been left behind in the "splendid palace of an Indian Proconsul."

She was as much a part of the life of the household as its heads. It is something to find someone who is always there when she is wanted, always interested, though its expression be ironical, whom everyone wants to see. Molly, when her tongue was at its worst, was always worth seeing, though the beholder often left discomfited internally, with a vague feeling of having for once been justly weighed, neatly classified, and so—good-day.

Towards the end of July the family dinner parties and visits were over, and the Mandevilles began to find time to meet their friends. But the friends had mostly left London by that time.

One day—a Friday, when the sun was blazing, and the town seemed empty, Alice had been calling in Richmond Terrace, and at half-past five started to walk home.

She crossed Whitehall to go through Downing Street and St. James's Park. And the place made her think of Mr. Elkard, for cabinet ministers were not in her sphere. A mysterious aroma hung about the august body, and Jasper had become a strange, far-off, wonderful being. Two men were walking up Whitehall as she turned the corner into the gloomy little street. She saw the policeman salute, and suddenly was aware that one of them must be Elkard, walking up from the House with the Prime Minister.

She did what another woman in her place would do, looked straight ahead, and passed on. But steps came behind. She heard voices as the great man turned into Number Ten. Then Elkard was at her side.

"Nearly as desolate as India, Mrs. Mandeville?"

For a moment or two they talked, she with suppressed excitement, noting too that his face was white and lined, his hair thinner, his eyes tired. Well,

if a man will be in the Cabinet at thirty-three, he must expect to pay for it.

"I must go to the office," he said. "But I wish I could see you again. Where are you? May I call?"

"Would you really?"

"Would I?" he said, not affecting to miss the point of her tone. "What do you think? Wouldn't I?"

She gave him their address. "Shall you be in town for the week-end?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "But we are going into the country on Monday."

"I shall come to-morrow—but I've a meeting all the afternoon. Look here, Mrs. Mandeville, will you ask me to dinner to-morrow evening?"

"Really?"

"Rather. What time—half-past seven? Right. We'll have a long talk. I want to hear such a lot of things. Thanks awfully. And give my love to Jimmy—and the boy. Till to-morrow, then."

Alice took a hansom. One cannot wait to walk with news like this. After all, even if she had known him when he was—well, not Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was that now. Though, as she confessed, he talked wonderfully like himself as he used to be.

It was decided that no one was to be asked to meet him; but, as Alice said, "You see, it isn't as if he didn't see everything." In consequence of his gratifying propensity for appreciation, she spent most of Saturday in preparing for the *partie carrée* which half-past seven was to bring.

When they went up to dress, Alice came to her sister's room, and observed the gown laid out. Molly had a pretty taste in frocks.

"I'm glad you're wearing that, and not the black you wore on Tuesday."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I don't know. You look younger in it than anything I know."

"And how old do I look in the black, sweet Alice?"

"Oh, well—well, just about your age, dear."

Molly laughed, laughed out loud. Then she went to the wardrobe and produced the tell-tale black.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Alice.

"We'll be honest for once," her sister said, smiling still. "Run along, there's a good child, and get dressed."

It took more than a Chief Secretary for Ireland to make that party a success. Fortunately that individual was besides a man who, knowing what others wished to say, paved the way for them to say it. He talked in epigrams (or where were his reputation?) but to-night they sounded sincere; his aphorisms and allusions came in as usual, but it was made plain that they had been elicited by the previous speaker: that the brilliance was a joint affair.

They went through their life in India, piling up the insignificant interesting incidents which he was keen to know. Even Molly was content for awhile to laugh at her fellow-man with sympathy rather than contempt.

And when the servants had gone, they put their elbows on the table and smoked cigarettes, while he told and asked of people they all had known.

Now and then they edged towards his own life, his strange success, his fame. But so delicately each time did the half question slide to an impersonal allusion, that if he had been another, none of the three would have guessed that the fourth had directed it to the new channel. That his life must stay set forth in the daily papers, and there alone.

Yet he was not annoyingly elusive, and presently Jimmie's blank directness accomplished what more scientific methods had had to leave undone. In the same way the most finished

swordsman may well fear the ignorant country booby, knowing and caring nothing of fence.

"What of Willie Weston?" asked Elkard. "He was in your Service."

"We haven't seen him for two years," Jimmie answered. "He's married—married Miss Bartle—you know—'Golgotha' Bartle's sister. My hat, what a sight that chap was! I dream of his face sometimes now."

"Excellent Weston!" said Elkard. "I'm awfully glad. Best thing in the world for him."

Jimmie Mandeville leaned back in his chair and chuckled violently.

"My dear chap," he said, "I do like that from you. Of all men."

Elkard said, "But what rot, my dear boy. I'm always pleased to hear of a man with so much sense and luck. Learned to correct in others the faults I see in myself, you know."

"But if that's so, why don't you get married yourself? I imagine you could marry pretty nearly anyone in the world you wanted to."

Alice looked innocently at the candle, and gently lowered the shade.

"It must be strange for a man to know that probably hardly any girl would refuse him." It was Alice's gentle way. She would have asked her sister her age in public with equal unconsciousness, did she happen to want to know.

"But then, you see, Mrs. Mandeville, I should never happen to ask one of those."

"Oh, but how would you know?"

"If I knew enough to ask. I should know enough to—stop in time."

"But after all," Jimmy went on, "you're not married, Jasper."

"That is certainly the case," said Jasper gravely. "They——"

"They?" interrupted Mrs. Mandeville, with raised brows.

"They, Mrs. Mandeville. It is more decent. Still, if you prefer, she. She,

with regret I hope, found I shouldn't do."

"You cover the wounds well," remarked Molly.

"I wear a waistcoat for that purpose, Miss Masson."

Again the direct was reserved for Jimmy. No doubt this is why he became a K.C.I.E.

"Why didn't you do?" he said.

"No doubt there were many good reasons, James. At first, indeed, I fancied that in time I might do. But that was at a dance, and my dancing covered many deficiencies. We danced together five times, I remember. Have you ever danced with anyone five times in an evening, Jimmy?"

"Rather," said Jimmy, with some enthusiasm. "A dozen."

"Hush," interposed Elkard. "No reminiscences, please. Remember Mrs. Mandeville's presence. I only did it once. One was an extra. And one, I suspect, didn't belong to me at all. That was why I hoped I might do. I hope our proper partners found each other." He paused reflectively.

"Well," said Alice. "We're waiting, Mr. Elkard."

"The autobiography of a Cabinet Minister," remarked Jimmy. Molly said nothing at all. She was learning the lore of hallmarks from her fruit-knife.

"The rest is a tragedy. Next time we were not dancing. We were playing golf. Even the party papers can't find kind things to say of my golf. And my conversation didn't do. In fact, it bored."

"Oh, it did, did it?" said Alice. "And then?"

"That's all, Mrs. Mandeville. Next time we bowed. 'Bowed, and no more,' you know. *Me voilà!* A reluctant, confirmed old bachelor."

"Let's go into the verandah," Alice said. "It's cooler there."

They sat out in big comfortable

chairs. The night was hot and still, with big, warm stars, and a ridiculous little moon rising somewhere over the Marble Arch.

"India's treated you well, then, on the whole? I must tell Boase (the Secretary for India), and he'll go for reduction of salaries through the whole Service."

"Well, Elkard, I don't know that we can say as much for you. I expect you've been working deuced hard, what?"

"For a lazy man I've had quite a lot to do, thanks. But really, Jimmy, you don't look two years older, let alone seven. And as for Mrs. Mandeville, all her responsibilities—I mean you, Jimmy, and the babies—seem to have made her younger than ever."

"Nonsense," said Alice.

"Well, old chap," remarked Jimmy, "you talk just the same. But hang it all, you look twenty years older than you ought."

"Justice, Jimmy. The weight of my iniquities. Read Mr. Redmond on the Chief Secretary's callous brutality, and you'll know I deserve it all."

The nurse came out to say that the baby was awake, and Mrs. Mandeville went off with her.

"Why can't the woman do something herself without bothering Alice?" growled Jimmy. After two minutes he put down his cigar and got up, murmuring something about "just seeing there's nothing wrong, you know."

Then he put his head in again.

"Suppose you wouldn't care to have a look at the kids, Elkard?" he said, nervously.

"Catch me," answered the Minister, chuckling, and Jimmie disappeared.

Elkard got up and sat on the rail of the verandah near Miss Masson.

The kindly night covered some of the lines in her broad forehead, round her thin mobile lips, and serene, remote gray eyes. One could not see that

her hair had lost some of its glow, those lips some of their redness, that those eyes sparkled a little less.

"You didn't finish the party, Mr. Elkard. How much am I older, these six years?"

"Six years, Miss Masson."

"Thank you," said Molly. "Six years. It sounds honest, and it's kind, but it's not quite true. Not all the truth, you know."

"Not brutally true, like Jimmy, at least."

"No, not as bad as that. Did you think it was quite kind to talk as you did at dinner, though?"

"I chatter on principle. A moment of unguarded silence may obliterate years of discreet garrulity."

"But was it quite kind?"

"At least, Miss Masson, I was the only one who knew how unkind it was. You see, I am a vain man, and I remember when I have been a bore. There was no doubt left then, you know. I know it by rote. No doubt my little foible of epigram gets trying. Still, there it was. 'I wish you would say what you mean, Mr. Elkard.' 'Ambiguity, Miss Masson, is the refuge of the discreet. It leaves many enemies unmade.' 'But it's rather boring to your—acquaintances.' And so, the third time, we bowed only. So, the fourth, after six years, I walk warily."

Molly looked up at the thin, stooping figure, the graying hair, the face whose deep lines not even the dark would hide.

"I did not know you would remember," she said very low, "I thought—I am sorry. I didn't mean it."

He got off the rail and stood beside her.

"What do you mean now?"

"Can't you understand?" she said. "I thought at least you could understand. That second time, I came prepared to—start where we left off at the dance, to give you friendship. And

instead, you were amusing, you made epigrams. Oh, yes, they were good, no doubt. But can't you see I didn't want brilliance just then? I meant to hurt you. But I didn't mean you to remember for six years."

"Is this why you said 'no'?"

"I didn't say no! You never asked me. Couldn't you forgive one little bitter word? Are you a god that all must go smooth with you?"

He spoke very softly and gently.

"I thought you meant me to go," was all he said. But she made no answer.

"Molly, didn't you mean me to go?" Still no answer.

"Molly, I love you now, as I've loved you since—the first time. Am I too late, Molly?"

She looked at him as he bent at her side.

"It could never be the same now."

"No," he said. "I see that. But I would do my best. And I love you the same now. Will you be my wife, dear? Do you care at all? Did you care?"

"Jasper, dear," she whispered.

Cabinet Ministers behave very much as ordinary folk when they love, and are loved, and find it out on a verandah after dinner. So that Jimmy was well excused for his stupefaction when he returned. He was carrying a siphon, and but just managed not to let it fall.

"Well," he said, "for an old maid, and a confirmed old bach——"

But Molly had got free before he ended; she rushed upstairs, and the door of her bedroom was slammed and locked.

Meanwhile Elkard held out his hand to Jimmy. He took it slowly and shook it and the siphon together as though they were new discoveries in natural history.

"Well, I am damned," said Jimmy.

And while, in their own fashion, the men downstairs were celebrating the



event, Molly was on her knees beside her bed. There was just a glimmer of moonlight through the curtains.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"We've missed it all," she was saying, "missed it all. He'll never know now how I could have loved him then."

*W. Philip Groser.*

## POPULAR SONGS OF OLD CANADA.

A musical and light-hearted people the early settlers of Canada were, and their descendants to-day have lost none of the old characteristic of the race. Hard work and privation do not discourage them, and at the close of a trying day's toil, after the tea things have been laid carefully away, and the head of the household has smoked his pipeful of home-grown tobacco, it is no uncommon custom for him to take down his violin and play a programme of dances for the young people. Sometimes he takes a hand in the dance himself, doing his share with the nimblest of them. At ten o'clock the impromptu ball comes to an end, and all retire from the merry scene to seek repose against the next day's labor.

The ballads brought over the sea by the soldiers, sailors and peasants, from Provence, Normandy, Brittany, Saintonge, Bas Pitou, Franche-Comté, and other parts of France, have been well preserved all these years. Most of them belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; few of them had names, and fewer still had been printed, until Mr. Ernest Gagnon, a close and zealous antiquary, made a journey among the people, and took down from their lips the words and tunes which had been transmitted from one generation to another with little mutation. But while in the parent land many of these old songs have disappeared entirely and are no longer known among the peasantry, it is curious to observe that they continue to exist in Lower Canada, and are sung

to the same ancient airs in vogue three centuries ago. An occasional change in the words may be noted, and some Anglicisms have doubtless crept in, but for the most part the ballad is the same. A student of folk-lore, living in France, not long ago collected in Quebec province several specimens, of which, for years, all trace had been lost in the country of their origin. Their authorship even is unknown. As the quaint collector remarked, they simply grew.

In his instructions to the committee appointed in 1852, at the suggestion of Louis Napoleon, to search for French ballads, M. Ampère noted these marks of the ancient ballad: The use of assonance in place of rhyme; the brusque character of the recital; the textual repetition of three and seven; and the representation of the commonest objects of everyday life as being made of gold and silver. An English writer, Mr. Edward Farrer, says that "the Canadian ballads are the pure and unadulterated article of the Middle Ages." Indeed the French collectors have actually been indebted to their transatlantic kinsmen for some of the best specimens of the ballads of Normandy and Brittany. The first three verses of "En roulant ma boule" will give the reader a good idea of the subject-matter and style of these ballads. The king's son is a leading personage in many of the ballads, and his weapons and accoutrements are always of gold and silver. In some ballads, the "Claire Fontaine" for example, a lovesick youth discourses with a nightin-

gale on the merits of his mistress; others deal with seafaring incidents; and others, again, with field sports and military adventures. The habitant holds fast to the ballads of his forefathers, as to their language, religion, and legends. In all things he is a strict Conservative. To the Church he renders faithful obedience. Every island and rock in the St. Lawrence marks the scene of a miracle, or of the exploit of some sainted missionary, and wherever he goes he carries with him a primitive belief in the Christian mysteries which rarely succumbs to the materialism of these latter days. Messrs. Champfleury and Marmier, who have studied this subject, have also noticed the same characteristics of the French-Canadian of the present day. And this opinion is also shared by Dr. Hubert Larne in his papers on Canadian folklore and the songs of old Canada.

Some of these songs have excited a good deal of controversy. The most popular of these is "A la claire fontaine." "On n'est par Canadien sans cela," says M. Gagnon. It is said to be of Norman origin; others aver that it was first sung in La Franche-Comté. M. Rathery says that it was transported to Canada by a family of French emigrants, probably from Brittany, during the reign of Louis XIV. Larne declares that its origin is completely lost. No fewer than five versions of it have been found. Bourinot, a careful investigator, sides with Champfleury, and gives Normandy as its birthplace. It is a delightful love-story, and the words are allied to a most attractive air. Three of these songs express the regret of a young girl for the loss of her friend Pierre, while the Canadian version represents the lover regretting the refusal of a bouquet of roses from his mistress, doubtless in a moment of pique, or, mayhap, a lovers' quarrel. Some years ago this ballad was sung in a theatre in Paris, with its own Ca-

nadian air, amid great applause. At carnival gatherings, when the cloth is removed, it is always called for, and all present join in the refrain. We give the Normandy version, as it is the one always sung in Canada:

A la claire fontaine  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné.  
I' y a longtemps que je t'aime, (bis)  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné,  
Et c'est au pied d'un chêne  
Que je m' suis reposé.

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne  
Que je m' suis reposé;  
Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait;  
Chante rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai;  
Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer;  
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse  
Sans pouvoir la trouver.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse  
Sans pouvoir la trouver;  
Pour un bouquet de roses  
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses  
Que je lui refusai;  
Je voudrais que la rose  
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose  
Fût encore au rosier,  
Et que le rosier même  
Fût dans la mer jeté.  
I' y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

A good many translations have been made of this spirited ballad. Mr. William McLennan's version, however, being the best, I give it here:

Down to the crystal streamlet  
I strayed at close of day;  
Into its limpid waters  
I plunged without delay.  
I've loved thee long and dearly,  
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

Into its limpid waters  
I plunged without delay;  
Then 'mid the flowers springing  
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.

Then 'mid the flowers springing  
At the oak-tree's foot I lay;  
Sweet the nightingale was singing,  
High on the topmost spray.

Sweet the nightingale was singing,  
High on the topmost spray;  
Sweet bird! keep ever singing  
Thy song with heart so gay.

Sweet bird! keep ever singing  
Thy song with heart so gay;  
Thy heart was made for laughter,  
My heart's in tears to-day.

Thy heart was made for laughter,  
My heart's in tears to-day.  
Tears for a fickle mistress,  
Flown from its love away.

Tears for a fickle mistress,  
Flown from its love away,  
All for these faded roses  
Which I refused in play.

All for these faded roses  
Which I refused in play—  
Would that each rose were growing  
Still on the rose-tree gay!

Would that each rose were growing  
Still on the rose-tree gay,  
And that the fatal rose-tree  
Deep in the ocean lay.  
I've loved thee long and dearly,  
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

One of the most famous of the old songs of Canada is "Malbrouck s'en

va-t-en guerre," which goes with a swing and is the favorite ballad sung after dinner at banquets, and even in the Canadian House of Commons, at the close of every Session of Parliament at Ottawa. In the habitant's home in the country it enjoys great vogue. It has quite a history. Father Prout, in his "Reliques," says:

Who has not hummed in his lifetime the immortal air of Malbrouck? Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of those written memorials.

And further, he adds:

It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in the object of soporific efficacy, the poetess (for some make Madame de Sévigné the authoress of "Malbrouck," she being a sort of "L.E.L." in her day) deemed historical accuracy a minor consideration. It is a fact that this tune is the only one relished by the South Sea Islanders, who find it "most musical, most melancholy."

Chateaubriand, in his "Itinéraire de Jérusalem," says the air was brought from Palestine by Crusaders. In "French Songs," by John Oxenford, there is a note by Dumersan and Ségur, suggesting that the words were probably brought back by the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers after Malplaquet. The great Napoleon is said to have admired the song very much. It haunted him, and he was often heard humming it when getting ready for battle. "The Emperor," says the Count de Las

Casas, in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," a few weeks before his death, in speaking of this song, remarked, "What a thing ridicule is; it bedims everything, even victory." And then he laughed to himself as he hummed over the first couplet:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine.  
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sait quand reviendra.

And, during the Red River Rebellion of 1885 in the Canadian North-West, when footsore and weary after much marching, the French-Canadian 65th Regiment, almost exhausted, paused a moment to rest, one of their number was heard to remark, "Ah! when will we get home?" "Ah, mes garçons," laughed General Strange.

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Mais quand reviendra-t-il?

With characteristic light-heartedness the men caught up the air, and the march was resumed without further murmuring.

In popularity "En roulant ma boule: *Chanson du canard blanc*," ranks next to "A la claire fontaine." It is a favorite with snow-shoers on their tramps into the country, and at the camp fire it is often heard. It has a ringing air, pitched in a high key, as, indeed, all these songs are, and the refrain is catchy and easily taken up:

Derrière' chez-nous, y a-t-un étang.  
En roulant ma boule.  
Trois beaux canards s'en vont bal-  
nant,  
En roulant ma boule.  
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,  
En roulant ma boule roulant,  
En roulant ma boule.

"Alouette" is another rousing marching song. It affords splendid scope for the improvisatore to exercise his talent for rapid verse-making. It is also sung

in the cabins and lumber camps, and ranks high in the esteem of the canoe-men and voyagers. It is frequently heard on the waters of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice, and the Ottawa, and in the expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley his gallant French-Canadian contingent of raftsmen sang this and other songs on the River Nile, which served as an inspiration during the prosecution of their hazardous and difficult task. Here is another characteristic voyager's song:

Parmi les voyageurs, y a de bons en-  
fants,  
Et qui ne mangent guère, mais qui  
boivent souvent;  
Et la pipe à la bouche, et le verre à la  
main,  
Ils disent: Camarades, versez-moi du  
vin.

Lorsque nous faisons rout', la charge  
sur le dos,  
En disant: Camarades, ah! Grand Dieu,  
qu'il fait chaud!  
Que la chaleur est grande! il faut nous  
refraîchir;  
A la fin du voyage, on prendra du  
plaisir.

Ah! bonjour donc, Nannon, ma char-  
mante Lison,  
C'est-l'-toi, qui porte des souliers si  
mignons?  
Garnis de rubans blancs, par derrière'  
par devant,  
Ce sont des voyageurs, qui t'en ont fait  
présent.

There are at least twenty of these songs, all of which are in constant requisition, and regularly sung by those hardy raftsmen while pursuing their calling. As Mr. Gagnon, himself a cultured French-Canadian, in his "Chansons Populaires," says, many of the songs of old Canada "have no beauty except on the lips of the peasantry," so may the same dictum be applied to the sea and river songs of the seafaring populace and canoe-men.

Strictly speaking, "Brigadier" is not a Canadian song at all, nor is it of very ancient extraction, but of its great popularity with the people of French Canada there is no doubt. It is sung at all festive boards, and at every public gathering it always occupies a place of honor on the programme:

Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche,  
Chevauchaient le long du sentier;  
L'un portait la sardine blanche,  
L'autre le jaune baudrier.  
Le premier dit d'un ton sonore:  
Le temps est beau pour la saison.  
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,  
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

The air of "Le pommier doux," says McLennan, who has Englished the song very cleverly,

is familiar to French and English alike, and with its modern words and title of "Vive la Canadienne" has been very generally accepted as our national air. It is sung in Franche-Comté, but to an air different from ours, and lacking the verse "Les feuilles en sont vertes," which is so decided an addition to our Canadian song.

As an illustration, these verses will suffice:

Par derrier' chez mon père,  
Vole, mon cœur, vole,  
Par derrier' chez mon père,  
I' y a-t-un pommier doux;  
Tout doux,  
I' y a-t-un pommier doux.

Les feuilles en sont vertes,  
Vole, mon cœur, vole,  
Les feuilles en sont vertes,  
Et le fruit en est doux;  
Tout doux,  
Et le fruit en est doux.

Young Jean Baptiste, born and bred in a musical home, however humble in its surroundings, is not many weeks old before he finds his infant slumbers

lulled by this touching distich, which is repeated over and over again until the drooping eyelids close, and the last rock to the cradle is given by the friendly elder sister:

Dors, bébé, dors, ferme tes beaux yeux,  
Dors, bébé, dors dormons tous les deux.

Should he awake, his ears are greeted with the musical refrain:

Ma petite Jacqueline de se Marie Jean,  
Dors et mon fils fais dodo,  
Dérange dont point ta mère,  
De la carotte au chou.  
Dors, dors, dors, mon fils,  
Fait dodo, dodiche, dodo.

As age increases, and the cradle comes to be occupied by another—for French-Canadian families run from ten to twenty-eight—our baby, at eventide, is walked about the room in the strong arms of the mater, who sings softly, in a low crooning voice:

Papa est en haut, il nous fait des  
sabots.  
Mama est en bas, nous tricote des p'tit  
bas.  
Fais dodo la pinoche, pinoche, fais  
dodo, fais  
Dodo, fais dodo, la pinoche.

The most popular of the sleepy songs is the famous "Poulette grise," which is still sung in both Old and New France. There are several versions of the ditty, the best of which is, certainly, the following:

C'est la poulette blanche  
Qui pond dans les branches,  
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette noir  
Qui pond dans l'armoire,  
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette verte  
Qui pond dans les couvertes,  
Ell' va pondre, etc.



C'est la poulette brune  
Qui pond dans la lune,  
Elle va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette jaune  
Qui pond dans les aulnes,  
Elle va pondre un beau coco  
Pour son p'tit qui va fair' dodiche,  
Elle va pondre un beau p'tit coco,  
Pour son p'tit qui va faire dodo,  
Dodiche, dodo.

Another cradle-song, entitled "Pinpanipolo," equally good in manner and in story, is exceedingly popular with Canadian nurses. Of course the lusty young French-Canadian has, like his English brother, a goodly share of nonsense verses. The English boy submits, with, perhaps, a frown or two, to the indignity of the old familiar:

Knock at the door.  
Peep in,  
Lift the latch,  
Walk in.

Jean Baptiste listens with becoming gravity to "Ventre de son—estomac d'grue—falle de pigeon—menton forchon—bec d'argent—nez cancan—joue bouillie—joue rôtie—p'tit œil—grat œil — soucillon — soucille — cogne — cogne — cogne la mailloche."

And here is the French version of the  
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button story: "Riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, coquin, voleur, riche, etc.," until the last button on the coat is included in the count.

Songs there are for merry round games, the most amusing being the one described by De Gaspe in his excellent account of "Les Anciens Canadiens." In the convent, as well as in some of the secular schools, this pastime is regularly played at the recreation hour. The children take hold of hands in a circle, and, while running round and round, repeat:

Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,  
Belle bergère, vos moutons.

One breaks away from her companions on the left or right, opening the circle, and runs about, in and out, followed by her mates, who still keep hold of hands, in a string, until the chain is reunited. There are two versions of this pretty dance and game.

As soon as young Jean Baptiste has attained the dignity of pantaloons, he joins a snow-shoe club, and sings, thereafter, his own melodies, "En roulant ma boule," "A la claire fontaine," "Brigadier," and "Alouette," being the favorites in his somewhat extensive repertoire.

George Stewart.

## IN PRAISE OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.

Within the last two years several newspaper writers have hazarded the opinion that Anthony Trollope is in the way of regaining his popularity. The data on which their forecast seems based are slight enough, merely the recent reissue of some few of this au-

thor's novels,<sup>1</sup> but it is sincerely to be hoped—at least I myself sincerely hope—that the optimists in question may prove true prophets. For Trollope's fame has suffered, like Reade's till lately, a most unjustifiable eclipse. Sir Walter Besant conferred a real bene-

<sup>1</sup> Since this sentence was written—some little time ago—one publisher, at all events, has to no small extent made amends for the general neglect of Trollope. Mr. John Lane has published lately, in his "New Pocket Library," the first four of the "Barsetshire Chronicles,"

and also "The Three Clerks" and "The Bertrams." Nevertheless, it is a fact that, not to speak of other characteristic work, "The Last Chronicle of Barset," which is the biggest of all Anthony Trollope's novels, is still out of print.

fit on the public when he rescued Charles Reade from temporary oblivion. But similar championship was equally deserved by the latter's mid-Victorian colleague. For Trollope, at any rate, brings his own peculiar contribution to that rarer fiction which bears the stamp of individuality. If the chronicler of Barset ranks below, considerably below, Dickens and Thackeray and George Elliot—and our academic critics are too fond of ranging their authors as in a university class-list—he supplements, nay corrects the three great Victorian novelists in one important particular. If he lacks Dickens's mastery of the fantastic and picturesque, if he never comes within distance of the superb irony of Thackeray, if he cannot match the rich humor of the earlier George Elliot, he has something, I submit, in a higher degree than they. That something pertains to his special mode of presenting character. Whereas, in the attitude which the others adopt towards their *dramatis personæ*, there is a bias in Dickens's case towards the grotesque, in Thackeray's (sometimes) towards either sentiment or caricature, and in Marian Evans's work towards abstract ethical ideas, Trollope preserves the balance even, so that his incidents, his conversations, his people, have a perfectly amazing air of actuality.

Yet expert opinion has long pressed very hard upon Trollope. There are two interesting exceptions to the rule certainly—one that fastidious cosmopolite, Mr. Henry James, who thus carries on Hawthorne's tradition of American admiration of "the most English of writers," the other our true-blue "Young England" Tory, Mr. G. S. Street, who revels in the old Liberal's pictures of the manners of the 'sixties and boldly dubs him a great realist. Otherwise even a kindly judge such as Mr. Frederic Harrison views Trollope's novels with an air of almost patroniz-

ing superiority, and Dr. Garnett roundly accuses them of being superficial, mechanical, and devoid of spirituality or poetry. Meantime the more truculent Professor Saintsbury, in his *Corrected Impressions*, has definitely turned down his thumb on Trollope, pronouncing his art "everyday, commonplace and not infrequently vulgar," and ruthlessly insisting that "the motto of his novels is 'Mene, Tekel.'" Such unfavorable conclusions, I believe, the critics only reach by ignoring, because taking for granted, their subject's supreme gift. But Trollope has himself largely to blame for the verdicts of his censors. He gave them a handle, which they have readily employed, in the astonishingly indiscreet confessions of his *Autobiography*. When a man of letters, after candidly admitting that he turned author to earn money and to become somebody, sneers at fellow-craftsmen who cannot, like himself, knock off regularly their two hundred and fifty words in a quarter of an hour and their 2500 before breakfast, likens the composing of novels to the making of shoes, and proudly boasts of having used more ink than any other English writer, it is only to be expected that an outraged posterity should think but lightly of the productions of such an unabashed and self-avowed Phillistine.

Notwithstanding which, the right tone, I hold, in which to speak of Anthony Trollope is not the apologetic but one of eulogy; and this may be maintained when some of the complaints urged against him are freely allowed. Trollope can bear to have the truth told about him. Granted, then he had sordid ideas about his art, he was never poetic, he was sometimes coarsely facetious on sexual matters, he wrote too mechanically, too carelessly, too much. A novelist, however, may work for material considerations and yet prove himself, as Trollope did, an artist. He may be unable to soar

into poetry, may keep to the low level of every-day existence and yet fashion from its prose (and his own fancy), as Trollope fashioned, genial comedy and affecting tragedy. He may transgress in casual asides the ordinary canons of taste and still in handling delicate situations be capable of preserving, like Trollope, a fastidious delicacy. He may employ a style which is full of technical faults but nevertheless charms by its admirable fluency. Trollope habitually wrote "eat" for "ate," and misconnected his relatives, habitually used past tense for past participle, and adjective for adverb. But his narrative runs with as much ease and uniformity as if a whole novel had been completed at one sitting. Lastly, a writer of fiction may have gained from practice a perfect facility, may have turned out for years faithful and vigorous studies of contemporary life and then suddenly be discovered to have exhausted his inspiration. Such was Trollope's case about the year 1875. From that time, if not before, his stories betrayed a lack of freshness, a tendency towards repetition. Seven years of leanness, immediately preceding Trollope's death, followed on two full decades during which he had literally poured out his riches.

An author who, perhaps from hatred of cant, consistently belittled his profession would seem little likely to trouble himself over theories of his art. Trollope was no lover of abstract notions; he had all an Englishman's preference for the safe region of the concrete. Englishman! why, with his burly frame, his boisterous manners, his love of hunting and the open air, he appeared cut out for a country squire. Instead, Fate made him a post office clerk with the occasional indulgence of a roving commission. But that British physiognomy of his was something of a mask. Here was an observer of the human comedy for ever

turning his experiences to literary account; the curious may even relate Trollope's routine work at St. Martin's-le-Grand and the liking his tales show for the epistolary form of narration. Here is a novelist, too, who really entertained (and has recorded) a very definite idea of what he thought the essential element in fiction. In the course of his rambling "Autobiography" he admits his own weakness in plot-making and consoles himself by reflecting that after all "the delicacy of Amelia and the rugged strength of Burley and Meg Merrilies" say more for Fielding and Scott than any "gift of construction" displayed in *Tom Jones* and *Ivanhoe*. Then he proceeds, "A novel should give a picture of common life, enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos. That picture should be crowded with real portraits, not of individuals known to the world or to the author, but of created personages, impregnated with traits of character that are known. The plot is but the vehicle of all this." Trollope's recipe, thus naively worded, squares very happily with his practice as well as with modern taste. For it is just such canvases "crowded with real portraits," such collections of "created personages" that his own best novels are.

Yet Dr. Garnett says, "He depicts, he does not create." Let me quote Trollope himself on the point. His first notable book was *The Warden*, a study of a modest, peace-loving clergyman who finds himself attacked for holding, and straightway abandons, a church sinecure. Constantly contrasted with this Mr. Harding, who is gentle and retiring in unessentials but quietly insistent in his case of conscience, is the famous Archdeacon Grantley, a pugnacious though generous materialist who stands doggedly by his own, his church's, his fellow-parsons' rights. Now the portraits of these two so impressed some of Trollope's contempora-

ries that they swore he must have lived in a cathedral close. He had never so lived, and "at that time," he declares, "had enjoyed no particular intimacy with any clergyman." The same story might be told of many other denizens of Trollope's world of fiction. But, as Mr. Street insists, Dr. Garnett easily confutes himself in this matter. For he asserts of Trollope, "His success in delineating the members of social classes, such as the episcopal, of which he can have had but little personal knowledge is most extraordinary, and seems to suggest not merely preternatural quickness of observation and retentiveness of memory but some special instinct." Precisely! and between "special instinct" and creative faculty where is the difference?

Yes, Trollope creates, and before he forsook his imaginary diocese of Barchester he had created a whole hierarchy of Anglican clergy. Bishops, deans, and one majestic archdeacon, canons, rectors, chaplains, a precentor, even a poor curate—these and their families dominated by that immortal virago, the wife of Bishop Proudie, Anthony Trollope portrayed according to their several stations, and assigned appropriate and correct individuality in the renowned *Barchester Chronicles*. Of all the six novels so classified that of *Barchester Towers* is the one most completely suffused by this clerical atmosphere. For the story of *The Warden* compares with its successor as an exquisite miniature with a large canvas. Consequently, because of the unity of impression thus conveyed, because of a certain freshness of coloring noticeable in the book, there have been many who have considered *Barchester Towers* as Trollope's masterpiece. To copy their example would be to disregard the development of an author who afterwards widely extended the field of his observation and was here trying his powers in a single

limited direction. Still Trollope was never happier in handling character than in the group of figures which he arranged round the pretty widow, Eleanor Bold, and her pair of clerical suitors. Once more the heroine's father, Mr. Harding, is an innocent centre of intrigues, once more he outbraves the rhetoric of his irritable ally, the Archdeacon. But new faces appear. Mr. Slope, the greasy chaplain, I cannot but think overdrawn, gives too little finesse in his manœuvres, whether ecclesiastical or matrimonial. But there is the wonderful household of the Stanhopes, particularly that distracting flirt, the Signora Vesey-Neroni. There is the fussy hen-pecked little Bishop, and above all there is Mrs. Proudie, surely one of the great inventions of English fiction. The curtain lectures which that indomitable tyrant addresses to her unhappy nightcapped lord argue in Trollope nothing short of divination.

If the author of *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* had produced no other books save those he might have been almost regarded as a kind of male counterpart of Jane Austen. His touch is coarser, plainly masculine as hers is piquantly feminine. His style is less limpid, less artistically objective. But there is in both writers a similar contented preoccupation with the loves and jealousies and humors, the uneventful doings and humdrum lives of a narrow, comfortable social circle. There is the same unconsciously materialistic outlook, the same lack of exaltation or enthusiasm exhibited by the authors and their creatures alike. And there runs through the first two Barchester novels a quiet vein of irony only comparable with that which shines in the pages of *Emma* or *Pride and Prejudice*. Indeed, it is possible to go further, and say that in all Trollope's stories, as in Jane Austen's, matrimony is the heroine's

sole concern, and that for her associates the perennial questions are—"Can she win him?" "Will he marry her?" But the traces of resemblance grow fainter as Trollope quits ecclesiastical topics; and the parallel must not be pressed too hard even as applied to *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*. The bustling Archdeacon seems rather to carry on the breezy, characteristically English tradition of Fielding. The simplicity of Mr. Harding, like that of a later clerical hero of Trollope's, Mr. Crawley, recalls again and again Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. While, of course, such scruples as beset the Warden, resulting as they do in a super-subtle delicacy of motivization, were impossible, unthinkable in Jane Austen's days.

Trollope, indeed, as his critics are so fond of proclaiming, was essentially a man of his own generation. Now his was the age that succeeded Corn Law Repeal and the Reform Bill, that heard of fresh goldfields, and was introduced to the marvels of science, that saw the vast extension of England's industrial supremacy, thanks to her monopoly of coal and the great inventions. It was also a time in which "a wave of liberal thought" swept over the country. The reforming spirit started reorganizing franchises, endowments, schools, and factory systems. It set in a flutter parsonage and manor-house; it firmly convinced all good Tories that England was going straight to the dogs. A society in the midst of change, in a stage of transition, as was English society then, lent itself admirably to the treatment of the novelist, whether he were a patriotic and socialistic enthusiast like Charles Kingsley, or a student of "human documents" like Reade, or a kindly satirist of manners like Trollope. The world around being so full of arresting material, it is not strange that this last elected to devote his fiction entirely, as the

others did but partially, to the representation of current life. Liberal in his opinions, but naturally sympathetic towards a class which preserved the customs of good breeding and fox-hunting, he was in the right position to observe half-amusedly, half-tenderly, the theoretical jeremiads and practical optimism of the conservative squires. Pictures of such cheerful croakers fill a large place in the *Barchester Chronicles*, but not all the room. Along with the county magnate and the rural parson figure, alike in the *Barssetshire* series and in contemporary Trollope novels, rich vulgarians and distinguished statesmen, civil servants and lawyers, shabby bohemians and club-loungers, even a London lodging-house *clientèle*. Touching high life, low life, and that which is between, Trollope was pretty thorough in his range. He preferred, and who shall blame him? the society of gentlefolk, but he did not shirk describing other sorts.

Dealing with the life of his own day, Trollope brings to its manipulation an almost painfully minute method. Quite amusing is his inveterate habit of setting in the fore-front of every tale thumb-nail sketches of its protagonists. Quite unnecessary too! because as their history proceeds detailed portraits of these same persons are gradually produced with meticulous fidelity, line being added to line in a fashion that recalls the patient art of Richardson. Life offers itself to Trollope under the aspect of so much character, but he can only express his characters in terms of their daily pursuits and conversation. Hence his fiction, the more as he avoids much scenic description, has been called trivial and commonplace. But, as we shall find, the accumulated effect of his small strokes is often extremely powerful. Moreover, one great advantage attends his careful system and atones for its minutiae, Trollope's details are always right,



always accurate beyond question; his people, and they vary between duke and sexton, millionaire and barmald, say nothing, do nothing that their prototypes in the real world could not have said or done. Trollope's readers are never disconcerted by talk or by conduct which staggers probability or contradicts temperament. So much cannot always be predicted of Thackeray. The sentence too much sometimes weakens the sincerity of his sentimental passages—I could instance scenes between Laura Bell and Mrs. Pendennis. His humor gets a little out of hand in such bohemian types as Costigan and Bayham. Whereas Trollope's ear is acutely sensitive to notes that are false to human nature. There is no more comparing, perhaps, Diana Warwick and Lady Glencora Palliser as heroines of politics than George Meredith and Anthony Trollope as men of intellect. And yet, I know, *à propos* of Diana and Glencora, which nature, however inferior, is more of a piece, whose indiscretions, however impudent, are the more convincing.

But, it may be said, Trollope's tales are nearly all concerned with the trumpery love-affairs of a young miss. Yes, his are always love-stories and the unsophisticated English girl is his usual heroine. Nay more, he quite consistently alternates, as Mr. James reminds us, between two sets of combinations—the damsel with two swains and the man with two sweethearts. Almost debarred by current conventions from treating of matrimonial infidelity or feminine frailty, Trollope has to rest his plot generally on the maiden of eighteen, he is forced to have constant recourse to the topic of jilting. Jilts or jilted, however, his young ladies are always fresh and charming, and have never more than a family resemblance. Clean-minded Trollope regards them with all a parent's partiality and a devotee's rever-

ence—he would have blown his brains out sooner than have written such a book as *Les Demi Vierges*. But though his cult of the girl is so worshipful he never fails to invest her with personality. You may refuse to “forgive” an Alice Vavasour's vagaries, but you cannot help liking or believing in such pretty creatures as Mary Thorne, Nora Rowley, Lucy Robarts, Madeleine Staveley, and Grace Crawley. They have much but not too much in common, and their points of agreement are just their most animating qualities—bright humor, modest independence, supreme naturalness, and, chief of all, generous self-surrender in love. It is her affectionate (and mistaken) trustfulness which makes the special attraction of Lily Dale of Allington, and fires certain phrases of hers with a passionate intensity. It is the same confident loyalty in the titular heroines of “Nina Balatka” and “Linda Tressel” that lends quite a romantic glamour to these picturesque but little known, because anonymously issued, idylls of foreign cities and constant love.

If these dainty persons loomed predominant in Trollope's pages and were not often cast for quite subordinate rôles, then the reproach he has incurred as a novelist of never probing deep into humanity might seem fairly merited. Even so there is the question whether when Trollope merely hints he does not hint sufficiently at those profounder springs of emotion which only well occasionally to the surface, whether he should not be thanked rather for his reserve than twitted with lack of penetration. Really, though, Trollope never funkied tackling a serious theme seriously. Take an average specimen of his work, *He Knew He Was Right*—superficiality is the last fault with which that story can be charged. Its main interest is occupied with a married couple who drift apart through sheer lack of mutual graciousness.

The history of their misunderstanding is made up of commonplace and well-nigh sordid squabbles; the slow process by which a tiny rift becomes a chasm that no efforts of the wife can bridge is traced with the most labored insistence on details. Yet by degrees the author develops a veritable tragedy of wedlock, and certain chapters which show the husband nursing his imaginary grievance in the loneliness of an Italian villa, in an atmosphere of suspicion and self-neglect, in a state of impotent obstinacy that borders on insanity, are full of infinite pitifulness. Both idea and treatment of Louis Trevelyan's wrecked marriage are such as the most analytical of modern novelists might gladly have owned. Nor is there any simply skin-deep penetration in *Orley Farm*. The conventional heroine in this tale obtains but the scantiest footing, scarcely more than is allotted to certain commercial travellers whose jargon and etiquette are most punctiliously described. The real book is one prolonged and intimate analysis of the "soul-states" of Lady Mason, a beautiful middle-aged widow who has committed forgery to benefit a son too priggish to forgive her, and has to admit her crime to the one friend who believes her innocent. Her scene of confession, the climax of a series of passages surcharged with emotion, exhibits Trollope almost at his best as a master of natural, unforced pathos.

Trollope's pathos transcended his humor, but he had his share of the latter gift. Broad farce and caustic apologue were equally beyond him. But in the demurer form of satire he excelled and never more than when delineating the clergy. His fun was not dependent on a church environment. Some of his most diverting folk, the Bear-Garden Club mates, figure in *The Way We Live Now*, a veritable hive of society disreputables. Madalina Demolines, again, the languishing siren who

woos Lily Dale's hobbledehoy, learnt her only catechism from her mother's prompt-books. Still Trollope's humor is easiest—so all his critics have decided—when he can contrast in the parson the old Adam and the professional priest. It is the suggestion of this double aspect that makes the impulsive Vicar "of Bullhampton" so human, that renders *Framley Parsonage* more interesting "psychologically" than either *The Small House* or *Dr. Thorne*. Curious then is it that the finest of Trollope's clerical portraits is one in which his irony is subdued. *The Last Chronicle of Barset* contains much besides this portrait of Mr. Crawley, the starving curate wrongly charged with theft. Indeed one of the story's chief merits is its extraordinary fulness. To estimate the later increase of Trollope's scope it is only necessary to contrast the restricted area of *Barchester Towers* with the wide sweep of society, old and new, observable in *The Last Chronicle*. Here is Mrs. Proudie again, half broken down and destined for death. Here is the Archdeacon, mellowed somewhat, but still belligerent, as a heavy father. Mr. Harding reappears to die quietly, "beautifully," and his now matronly daughter serves as *deca ex machina* of the novel. But we meet also Lily Dale and other Allington friends as well as the Luftons and Robarts from *Framley*. While not to speak of pretty Grace Crawley and her lover, the Archdeacon's son, there is quite a crowd of strangers—the gossips of a fresh Barset district, the shoddy set of a city financier, and, not least, the inimitable Madalina. All these have life in them and abundant vivacity. But it is in the exposition of the poor curate's impracticable nature and desperate agony—for he is one of his author's favorite half-insane characters and doubts his own innocence—that Trollope strikes his subtlest and most strenuous note. Mr. Crawley is no typical parson, like

Frank Fenwick or Mark Robarts, but an altogether individual creation. Proud of his eternal deprivations yet full of the cry, "How long?", really contemptuous of wealth but jealous of others' social advantages, morbidly conscientious yet resentful of benefactions, this cantankerous saint, his pompous, archaic diction notwithstanding is as boldly and sympathetically drawn as Parson Adams or Dr. Primrose.

Even those who merely know their Trollope by his *Barsetshire Chronicles* must have remarked one constant trick of his, a trick, and not the only one, suggested by Thackeray, that of re-introducing favorite characters. The policy was not confined to Barsetshire worthies; it was also employed to expound the political and matrimonial fortunes of an aristocratic statesman already presented in the Allington tale, one Plantagenet Palliser, afterwards Duke of Omnium. Such an economic device, which was consistent in Trollope's earlier work with a lavish degree of invention, was rendered absolutely necessary by the encyclopædic nature of his fiction. In covering, as he did, whole phases of the society of his times Trollope had to create, as Mr. James points out, various imaginary microcosms, the clergy of a diocese, the gentry of a county, a miniature peerage, grades of civil servants and legal dignitaries, a complete replica of the current world of politics. That, once evolved, he should use them again was but reasonable. But the practice that served well enough in Barset county did less well for Westminster. It is not that Trollope's political events lack the grace of plausibility, but they are too plausible to be very piquant. It is not that his politicians are not sufficiently lifelike, but he dwells upon the least attractive of their number. Palliser, in truth, is a depressing creature. The soul of honor, no doubt, but too dry and ungenial a companion to be

tolerable through six successive stories! So, though in *Phineas Finn* the depiction of the young Irish member and the fine ladies he fascinates fully maintains Trollope's reputation for realism, I for one find his political novels rather tedious, and trace from their date a decline in their author's buoyancy. Till *Phineas Redux* appeared, however mechanical might be Trollope's habit of composition, there was no sign of effort in his writing. I have often thought he was so ultra-methodic because at first his inspiration needed the stimulus of routine. He says himself, "I never could arrange a set of events before me"; no, they came to him—he confessed so much of *Phineas Finn* and *The Eustace Diamonds*—as he developed his characters. The daily task-work may therefore have been a real help to his muse. Still, there is a Nemesis that follows any deliberate reducing of artistic production to an automatic system, and with *Phineas Redux* or, at least, *The Prime Minister* Time commenced for Trollope its long-delayed revenge.

But whatever its ultimate dangers, Trollope's knack of putting old faces into new frames affords his readers some very vivid sensations. Nearly everybody has known what it is to find himself a cipher in a crowd or to overhear accidentally unpalatable home-truths. It is this sort of experience which we enjoy vicariously with Trollope. He will bring on, for instance, Mary Thorne and her husband, persons who have formerly been exalted to the proud positions of hero and heroine, and show them in their right perspective as regards the world they live in. So that we marvel at the insignificant figure which they cut as the Greshams, casual guests at a dinner party. A while ago we were eagerly studying the pettiest details of their sentimental history as under a magnifying glass. Now, duly related

to their surroundings, they seem as small and far away as if viewed through the wrong end of a telescope. Does not this kind of paradox strike us in actual life? For a time certain people absorb our whole horizon; met after long interval, they have shrunk to lilliputian stature. But besides showing us the true proportions of his *dramatis personæ* Trollope can look at them from the different angles of different observers. We get positively enraged, as on a friend's behalf, when we learn the abominable motives which some of his acquaintance assign to Phineas Finn, when we hear spiteful journalist, office-seeking tadpole, loose society dame attributing to him his or her particular vice. We obtain just such a sense of reality as we stand and watch one of Trollope's heroines being picked to pieces, and perceive Lucy Robarts, say, through the amused, indifferent, scornful, hostile eyes of her many associates. Nor does Trollope's power of visualization end here. He is also able, and prided himself on his ability, to exhibit the effects of time upon his characters. It is quite pathetic to note the advances of senility on Mr. Harding, or to observe Lily Dale fast becoming an old maid, just as it is pleasing to see John Eames shaking off his hobbledohoy awkwardness, or the Archdeacon lapsing into a kindly blusterer. Here again the novelist affords us the very illusion of our working-day world, its amusing ironies, its melancholy transformations.

If such scrupulous fidelity to human nature, such instinctive knowledge of mankind, carried over an immense ground, and reinforced by quiet humor and genuine pathos, gives Anthony Trollope, as I think, an unique position among English novelists, then questions as to whether or not he had genius need no answer, and his finest books, too many of them now out of print, have only to be placed in an accessible form to

make good their claim upon the esteem of the present generation. There are those who demand "great" characters and "great" scenes from any romancer whom they are not to condemn to oblivion. Trollope would modestly have accepted the test in characters and have offered to criticism his Mrs. Proudie and Mr. Crawley. For scenes compelling to laughter he might have quoted Stanhope's routing of the Bishop's termagant, and the farewell interview of Eames and that Madalina whose "heart" was "bleeding," while Mr. Crawley's sorrows provide some of the most moving chapters in Victorian fiction. But a searching for purple passages is not the right posture in which to approach Trollope. Such merit as belongs to this writer attaches not to special episodes or special persons of his inventing, it pervades the whole of his best work. His best I say, for naturally Trollope had his failures—and his short stories were never remarkable—but that best includes from a dozen to twenty novels. To estimate his success in characterization it is advisable not only to take a general survey of his gallery of portraits but to peer closely into the minor faces. Mark how exactly he can sketch you the gentleman sharper in Mr. Sowerby of *Farmley Parsonage*, how subtilly he will show you in the swindler Melmotte's daughter decent instincts struggling against a vicious environment, how intimately he knows the vulgar mind of an Amelia Roper, poor lodging-house simperer, or the vacuity of a club zany like "Doodles"! Consider his breezy widows, his delightful old maids, his pouncing husband-hunters! It is at once the bulk of his matter and the perfection of his detail that produces such an impressive effect. So, too, there is surely some credit due to him in that he preserved so high an average in so many novels. Though the Barset tales, headed by "The Last

Chronicle," generally excel in charm the rest of Trollope's productions I should hardly place *Dr. Thorne*, for all its strong plot, above such stories as *The Three Clerks*, *Orley Farm*, *Phineas Finn*, and *He Knew He Was Right*, and there are six or seven others only a little inferior to these. But I may seem approximating to the heresy which offers quantity as a substitute for quality and Trollope's quality requires no such sinister recommendation. If only contemporary novel-readers knew what a full and exact

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picture of their fathers' days, what an array of entertaining and convincing types of humanity, what store-houses of humorous invention and shrewd analysis lie buried behind the covers of the yellow-backed novel or clumsy "three-decker," which on some bookseller's stall, maybe, bears "old Anthony's" signature, they would turn from their many modern story-tellers to the man whom such have often imitated, and there would be no longer any grounds for talking of the neglect of Trollope.

F. G. Bettany.

### ON SIMPLICITY.

"How quaint and elaborate those old people were," said Irene, as the curtain jerked down on an eighteenth-century scene, which the Rector's son and daughter had been rather laboriously enacting before us. Irene is the doctor's daughter, and my nearest neighbor. She said "Quaint," because that is the adjective Lady A. always applies to the battered brass candlesticks or Chinese idols which she bears off as spoil from the curiosity shop in the neighboring town; and Irene thinks it suitably describes anything earlier than to-day, in consequence. And when she said "elaborate," she may have been thinking of the ingenuity which turned cretonne, designed for chair-covers in the village shop, into the remote semblance of an eighteenth-century silk gown. But I felt that it was somehow an appropriate word, as I answered, emphatically "Yes, *very* elaborate." And then, either because the Rectory drawing-room was very hot and it was three o'clock on a summer's afternoon, or because the pause before the curtain rose on Portia and Nerissa was very long, the word "elaborate" seemed to buzz in my ears, and I fell into a meditation upon it.

In passing, I may say that we have had to select our passages from Shakespeare with great care, since the fatal day when the Rector's gentle little wife, pale but impelled by dramatic exigencies, turned upon Lady A., and addressed her in the words: "Out, dunghill."

But to return to my meditation. If, I argued mentally, the speech and manners of the men and women of the eighteenth century were elaborate—and the word glides comfortably off my tongue—surely we must be the exact opposite? And the opposite of "elaborate" is "simple." Are we simple? I seemed to hear the Rector's sonorous voice perorating: "In the complex currents which make up the stream of the life of our own day;" but I resolutely turned from this second-hand inspiration, resolved to think the matter out for myself. And as I am not very good at abstract thinking, I stole a glance at the very concrete Irene beside me, and whispered in my own ear: "Is she simple?" Undoubtedly there is a lack of elaborateness about her clothes. It must have taken half the time it took Lady Teazle to dress, for Irene to combine upon her person



the essentially disconnected blouse and skirt she is wearing with the belt of yet a third color which pursues an uncertain course round her waist. Nor is any ingenuity wasted upon the untended flower-garden of her hat, except in so far as by the help of stout hat-pins, the law of gravitation has been defied. There is one part of her toilet on which Irene, in company with many of my neighbors, has exhibited misplaced originality and that is in the matter of gloves. The summer glove has become a strange phenomenon. Irene's are made of open-work thread of a branching pattern, and they have been doubled in vulnerable places, like the heel of a stocking. In any case Irene's gloves are elaborate. If her toilet can be performed in half the time of Lady Teazle's, the same brevity belongs to the words which describe it. A "blouse" is her highest ideal of Sunday best; and though I once found her sighing longingly over a picture design of a "lunch frock," yet even that is monosyllabic compared to the "paduasoy" of the faded letters in *Cranford*.

Yet I do not seriously consider Irene simple. She has often made me the confidante of outpourings, in which a desire to "realize her individuality" militates strangely with a genuine and sturdy love of home. And the same friend, who supplies her with the phrase about her individuality, has heaped her receptive mind with undigested scraps of philosophy as old as the hills, but under new names; so that poor Irene, in her desire to swim with the tide, has thought it incumbent upon her to abandon all her old moorings. She tries to comfort herself under the consequent sense of imitated discomfort with the hope that it means "divine discontent." But whatever the result, Irene certainly does not aim at being simple.

I turn my mind to Lady A. and her

friends, whose constant ambition it would seem to be. "Elaborateness," I have heard her say, "is my bugbear." When I summon up my courage at long intervals and go to luncheon with her in the middle of a day's shopping in London, she invariably greets me thus: "My dear, how delightfully *countrified* you look, it does me good to have a sight of you." The adjective in this greeting, on which Lady A. always lays affectionate emphasis, I perhaps perversely apply to my clothes. Tired, dusty, and dispirited, I cannot think that I bring into the room with me any of the freshness or clean sweetness of the country.

Lady A. then proceeds to lament the hard fate which keeps her a prisoner in "this hateful London"; she is longing to get down to her "dear bulbs." I have never yet discovered what the chains are which bind her; but there is no corresponding conspiracy to deprive her of liberty of movement, when once she gets into the country. No chains hold her to the Hall; and she hardly sees half of even the "dear bulbs'" short life. Perhaps that is one reason why she has such a strange view of the simplicity of country life; entirely ignorant, it seems, of the toil, often unrewarded, which wrings treasures of beauty out of the grudging earth. This pleasant simplicity, ardently described, fails dismally in its office of refreshing, year by year. Lady A. declares that it is the one thing she needs for rest and re-establishment; yet she finds one day of it too long, unless she has something to play with. She reminds me of one hastening to a stream, to look there for a reflection of the peaceful evening sky, and finding only his own face reflected, full of trouble and desire.

I do not think Lady A. if she were sincere, would enjoy a day in the country any more than "Eliza" and her husband did. She would not, perhaps,

be reduced to reading the piece of newspaper in which the sandwiches were wrapped, for she would have provided herself with the latest production of her latest literary lion. And it is sufficient work for one day, to read pages of mystifying phraseology, and construct at the same time apt, and new, and flattering comments, which are to satisfy the requirements of the sensitive author. Lady A.'s "Day-book" is full of such comments; I wonder whether she learns them by heart.

Now "Day-book" is an effort at simplicity. Our great-grandmothers called their sentimental outpourings "Journals," and would have been enraged if any one had suggested that they were simple. When Lady A. blazons "Day-book" crookedly across the pink leather binding, she feels the monosyllables to be refreshingly simple. She is under the same impression when she leaves the edges of the "Day-book" jagged, and the paper of texture that a Druid might have used. My great-grandmother's Journal has delicately gilded edges, and the paper is fine and smooth, so that her pointed handwriting must have glided gently over it; while, in forming the blocks of Lady A.'s letters, the pen sputters over ruts and chasms. The old journal has, too, a dainty lock and little gold key, which I imagine my great-grandmother hung round her neck on a black ribbon. The "Day-book" is tied up with thongs of unevenly cut leather. Yet I know Irene would call the little brown book " quaint and elaborate" and give Lady A. credit for simplicity, at least in design.

Is it again the desire for simplicity which makes Lady A.'s latest literary friend call the preface to his book a "Foreword"? The plain Saxon name is certainly undescriptive of the fragment of misty, half-fictional autobiography, for which it stands. It was

once my fate to sit next this same literary friend at a Queen's Hall concert. At the end of a Tchaikowsky Symphony he turned on me a look which said plainly, "Give me an opportunity." I was flurried by the appeal, and said hurriedly, "Aren't you enjoying this?"

A look of pity eclipsed the appeal in his eyes. "I am looking forward to remembering it," he said. And I understood that he meant:

"See what I can do with the most meagre materials."

And that reminds me of another occasion, when I realized yet more forcibly that I lived in the country. The author of the "Foreword" took Lady A. to *Tristan*. When they returned I was so apprehensive lest I should be the means of bringing them with a bump to earth, that I merely looked up interrogatively as the door opened.

"We are so dreadfully disappointed," ejaculated Lady A.

I forgot caution in a sense of relief, and as a fool would have stepped in, had not the author interposed:

"Yes, we are so much disappointed, because we couldn't bring ourselves to feel it one bar too long."

I had wandered far from the Rectory drawing-room. At this point the curtain descended on the *Merchant of Venice*, and the Rector's voice made me start. "There is nothing like our old Shakespeare after all," he said, in a possessive tone. And his wife, flushed with exertion and success added, "And now I am sure you would all like your tea."

We rose with an alacrity which would seem to indicate that there is a point at which "our old Shakespeare" ceases to satisfy. As I followed Irene my eye rested on the Rectory mantelpiece. There, above the embroidered velvet draperies stands a pewter pot, Lady A.'s Christmas present to the

Rector's wife. There is an almost aggressive simplicity in its design of stalks, and in the large blue knobs that exude from its surface at irregular intervals. Yet, to my mind, the elaborate design of tiger-lilies on brown velvet, worked by the Rector's daughter, is a simpler thing.

Is not the pewter pot a symbol of all this pseudo-simplicity?

It seems to me that the old elaborateness which invested life with charm, and left us as a heritage treasures of

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careful and beautiful workmanship, was but simplicity at leisure.

"A self-conscious simplicity may well be far more intrinsically ornate than luxury itself," writes Mr. Chesterton.

And he says further:

"We feel that a man cannot make himself simple by warring on complexity; we feel, indeed, in our saner moments that a man cannot make himself simple at all."

Is it not, then, lost labor to try?

*Gwendolen Talbot.*

## THE QUEEN'S MAN.

### A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

#### XXV.

By the end of that long spring day King's Hall was a heap of smoking ashes; its inhabitants were scattered to the four winds; and the distracted old Vicar had time to consider the fate of the girl whom, for his patron's sake even more than for her own, he had consented to hide. He confessed her hiding-place to three faithful men whom no court duties prevented from searching King's Hall and its precincts till they found her.

One after another, these four scrambled down into the crypt and crouched on the floor by the sleeping girl.

The scene was wild enough. A yellow gleam of sunset darted through the bars, but this was not enough to light the dark cavernous place, and Dr. Curley brought a lantern. Priest, lawyer, doctor, and soldier, all their eyes were fixed on Meg Roden, who lay, seemingly lifeless, covered with the heavy fur, just as Dr. Curley had left her some twelve hours before.

"'Fore God, brother Simon, she is dead!" muttered Timothy Toste, and Black Andrew, crawling on hands and

knees to her feet, swore violently under his breath.

"Peace, peace, you are on holy ground," said Dr. Curley.

By this time the little apothecary was kneeling at the girl's head, bending over her, all ears and eyes to catch her faint breathing, gently turning back the fur that covered her, finally, with tender hands, lifting her head from the pillow. "Nay, nay," he murmured, "the sweet lady lives; 'tis but the long sleep of exhaustion,—and no wonder. She will speak anon. Two drops of my cordial—" he drew out a flask from an inner pocket. "There, my child, there, dear Lady Meg! Nay, do not be angry, do not push me away. Open your pretty mouth, sweet babe! Good heaven, what has the child gone through,—and dressed for the wedding she escaped so narrowly!"

"Nay, Master Simon," the old priest interrupted, "had Jasper Tilney lived, he would have made her an honest husband. There be worse men, thousands of 'em. He was not a Court popinjay, like my Lord, but she did not dislike him."

"'Tis a strange tale," Simon said. "But, wise or foolish, she loved my Lord well; every man at Ruddiford knew that. For my part, I never thought him worthy of her, a crazy dreamer; yet, I suppose, 'twas Sir William's intent, and when we have her safe home again—"

His voice filled and he broke off suddenly. Meg sat upright and stared wildly round at their open eyes and gaping faces. Then, with a long sigh, it seemed that she came to herself, the self which Simon, at least, recognized very well. It was the Mistress Meg of old days, as proud and wilful as she was gentle and generous, who lifted a hand and pointed with a meaning finger at each of the men in turn. First it was the Vicar of King's Hall. "You have betrayed me, father, though it be to my friends. I gave my word to Master Tilney,—where is he?"

The old man was suddenly choked with tears as he answered her: "Madam, your word is given back to you,—he died in the fight. God have mercy upon his soul!"

Meg bowed her head and crossed herself. Then she looked at Black Andrew, who crawled a yard nearer, took the hem of her gown and kissed it, then lifted his rough face and waited her orders with a fierce steadfastness. She looked him full in the eyes, pointing with her finger. "You, Andrew, you were there, I know; tell me that the Red Rose won the day."

"Ay, mistress," he said, "but with a great loss, and the burning of King's Hall,—you may smell the smoke, God preserved you, or you might have been smothered in this kennel underground. Ay, 'twas my Lord Marlowe's bold fighting that won the day. The Queen cheered us, crying to us from the tower. By the bones of St. Andrew, 'twas the merriest fight I've seen for a long day! They be fled south again, all that were left of them. They

thought we were lazy drones in the Midlands; but they found us wasps who could sting. Ruddiford and King Harry are safe, madam."

While he spoke, she listened intently. Her lovely eyes, still tired and heavy-lidded, were cold and stern; her mouth looked hard and older by ten years. Simon, trying to watch her closely, could scarce see for tears; the suffering that the girl had gone through was so plainly written on the young soft features. Black Andrew, less easy to be moved, outwardly at least, than the two good brothers, and with eyes keen and strong, saw more than they did. He was aware that when Meg spoke again, though the voice was unconcerned, a very faint pink flushed the cheeks that were as pale as the creamy satin of her gown. She still pointed at him, but her eyes drooped a little from their fearless gaze. "Where is the Queen now?" she said. "And my Lord Marlowe,—where is he?"

"They are at Ruddiford," Andrew replied. "My Lord searched for you, madam, till her Grace commanded him to return."

"Was he hurt in the fight?" Meg asked abruptly.

"No."

She had done with him, it seemed. The finger pointed now at Timothy. "You made my grandfather's will," she said. "He ordered no marriage for me. Two of those in whom he trusted have failed him, and me. There remain you and Master Simon,—and Sir Thomas—" her voice trembled with a question.

"Alas, Mistress Meg," Timothy sighed, "you have him no more, your faithfulest old friend and servant. As the ruffian company carried you away to King's Hall, he passed to Paradise."

"Then he is in peace," Meg said, "and with more power to help me than on earth, may be." She paused a moment, praying silently; then went

on in a low voice. "He knows now,—I would not ask, now, to fulfil a certain last request of mine. I have learnt,—I will not be played with any more. You two, you two," she pointed at Simon now, turning and looking into his friendly old face, all puckered as it was into lines of distress for her, "you are all I have left of the old time, the old life, before strangers came to trouble us at Ruddiford. Listen, dear Master Simon, I have been asleep and dreaming. I dreamed of my mother's country, of the great palace where she lived all among flowers and fruit, where the sky was blue and the sun shone. I know that her brothers and sisters dwell there still, in the city of Venice, on a clear canal that runs in from the sea, bright shining water all about their doors; no horses, but boats with gay rowers, carry them whither they would go. Why do you look upon me so? I am weary of England, weary of war and sadness. I gave my word to Jasper Tilney, but he is dead. My grandfather was foully murdered. Sir Thomas is dead, who next to him was my guardian friend. Another, who loved me in his wild way, is dead."

She stopped and looked round upon them all. Simon and Timothy were silent before her; they could not tell whither she was leading them, and the responsibility seemed more than they could bear. They were almost grateful to Black Andrew when he growled out: "Whatever may have chanced, madam, there is one who loves you, and 'tis but yesterday that you loved him. I have no right to counsel you, but I say, come you home to Ruddiford, and be married to him. Your father was English,—what are foreign lands and foreign folk to you?"

Meg frowned upon him, and the flush deepened. "You say well, Andrew; you have no right to counsel

me. I ask leave of none of you, remember; I will go my own way. No returning to Ruddiford for me, till all these things are passed away and forgotten. Do you understand me, all of you? The Queen and her servants may do what they will; my grandfather, we know, would have given them all,—except myself." She suddenly bent her head, put her hands together, and said solemnly: "I call our Blessed Lady to witness, and you four good men, that by my own will I will never again see Lord Marlowe." Then lifting her eyes, dark and sad, to Andrew: "You talk of love," she said, "but I know better than you. What is love?" she laughed softly and bitterly. "Enough of that; you know my mind; it is firm, and will not alter. Now, you two,"—she turned to Simon and Timothy—"in my grandfather's name I ask you, will you travel with me to Italy?"

"Mistress Meg asks what she might command," answered Simon, radiant and ready. He looked at his brother, whose face grew longer and longer. "I speak for me and thee, Timothy," he said. "Ruddiford and England are desolate enough now-a-days. Often we have wished to see foreign parts before we died; now comes the occasion, and the spirit shall not be wanting. Think of the learning of Italy, brother, the schools of law, of medicine, the supreme art that teaches the meaning of beauty. Ah! I mind me how Master John Roden used to talk of it all. It would have pleased him well that his daughter should visit those lands, for he loved them. Why that black face, Timothy? What have you to say against it? Nothing reasonable,, I'll lay a bag of gold."

"Gold, gold! that's the question," mumbled Timothy. "Can Mistress Roden travel for nothing? And how can we leave our house and properties, our beasts, our clients and patients?"



What will Ruddiford do without you and me, and how shall we live on the other side of the sea, and how shall we get back again? For me, I care not to lay my bones in a foreign land,—to be robbed and stabbed by night, perhaps, and dropped into one of those canals Mistress Meg talks of. Ay, I too remember Master John's tales of Italy. Perils, perils by land and sea! Nay, nay, Simon, thou art a babe; Sir William did not make us executors that we might ruin ourselves, obeying a young maiden's every whim. Dear Mistress Meg, be not angry with old Timothy. It is not I who would press you to marry my Lord, your mind having changed in the matter; but come you back to your old Ruddiford, and your faithful servants will keep you safe there."

Such a long sermon was seldom heard from Timothy. Meg listened to him impatiently, turning so pale the while that Black Andrew nudged the priest and muttered something about "wine and meat." The old man hurried away through the church. Andrew sat still, uncomfortably crouched, and listened rather grimly to the argument that went on,—Simon and his lady on one side, Timothy on the other. For himself, he would not open his mouth again; he was too proud to expose himself to another such rebuff from Mistress Roden. He listened and marvelled. For as the dispute continued, it was plain that Simon, daring, resourceful, adventurous, would have the best of it in the end. Timothy had only to press a difficulty, for Simon to find the way out of it. As to money, they had their own treasure-chest; they had a rich merchant cousin in London, who would supply them as they went through to take ship in the Thames, and beyond this, see Mistress Meg's own jewels she was wearing, worth enough to take a dozen people to Italy and back again. As to conveying her

safely and secretly, they would give it out at Ruddiford that their house would be shut up for a time, as they were going to visit their cousin in London town, and to carry their old housekeeper with them in a horse-litter, as many well-to-do citizens' wives travelled then. But they would send the good woman quietly away to her home at a distant farm, and they would take Dame Kate from the castle to attend on Mistress Meg, who must endure her hiding-place at King's Hall till all these arrangements were carried through.

Simon charged himself with the smuggling of Dame Kate out of the castle; for that matter, she could escape for herself easily enough. She had not been afraid to blow her own trumpet as to all she had done in helping the Red Rose party to surprise and retake the castle. Simon had heard it from herself, and now repeated it to Mistress Meg, who listened absently enough. All that was past history.

Now, she was turning her face towards Italy and freedom. She would bear anything, wear any disguise, lie hidden for any number of days, go through any hardships of travel, any risks of land or sea, to gain her perfect freedom from the Queen's man, from the lover who had played with her, whose heart and true devotion were given to the Queen. Again and again she heard Lady Marlowe's voice saying words which never had been or could be forgotten, even though in Harry's presence they could not be believed. "He went to join the one he loves best—yes, best in the world—another Margaret!" And again to Harry in that last tragic hour,— "She loves you, not merely as a partisan, and you loved her, till that fair face distracted you." Then the sneers of Jasper Tilney's men, proving to a doubtful heart too certainly that the

Queen once there, Harry had forgotten her.

So Black Andrew listened, and heard all, and said nothing. Now and then, as the talk went on, Meg's eyes rested on the grave dark face opposite, and now and then, child as she was still, she could not repress a faint smile, which did not stir its gravity. All the plan was discussed; it took shape rapidly. Black Andrew neither spoke nor moved, till presently the chatter of Simon, the gloomy, doubting acquiescence of Timothy, the impatient insistence of Meg, were all interrupted by the return of Dr. Curley carrying food; and then Meg remembered how long it was since she had eaten, and gladly swallowed something of the poor provisions. When the old man began to take away plate and porringer, Andrew suddenly scrambled up and left the crypt with him, under pretence of helping him to carry his load.

Once in the high nave, pacing down to the twilight of evening, the soldier drew himself to his full height and breathed long and freely. "Look you, father," he said, with gruff suddenness, "my Lady Margaret will go her own way and please her sweet self. But I would fain know what has turned her sharp round and made her hate the man she loved so well. They may call my Lord Marlowe crazy, but 'tis a good man and a gentleman, who loves her with all his strength. Crazy now with grief at the loss of her he may be, if you will; but an she hate him so cruelly, it were no kindness to break faith with her and let him know where to find her."

"Nay, nay, do you not know?" said the queer old priest, his face wreathed in pitiful smiles. "I knew it from Leonard, and guessed it partly from herself, poor lamb. She is jealous of the Queen. There you have the secret, Master Andrew, and 'twill be hard, I warn you, to change her mind now; she is wounded and wrathful to the core. That explains all, hey?"

"By the Saints, she knows him ill! That a woman can be so faithless!" Black Andrew muttered in his beard.

A few minutes found him back on his knees at his lady's feet, and now his rough visage had taken a gentler look, and there was the light of understanding in the eyes that met her friendly glances. Simon's plans were going apace; the good wine and meat had warmed Meg's blood, and hope was springing through sadness. Life could never again be happy, she told herself, but it might and should be free. "And you, Andrew, you will stay behind at Ruddiford," she said, with a touch of wistful kindness. "We shall want no warriors in our peaceful cavalcade."

Andrew passed his broad hand over his mouth, looking at her keenly. "Have I so far offended you, Mistress Margaret? Nay, I think the good brothers can away with a stout serving-man. I'll take a cudgel, and crack a few heads on the road, if need be. You must go, if you will, to seek these foreign uncles, but you do not budge without Black Andrew,—no, by my holy patron's bones!"

## THE IMPORTANCE OF MINOR VICES.

There is an amusing sketch in one of Sir A. Conan Doyle's stories of the state of nervousness which is induced, in the case of the ordinary individual, by reading or listening to the description of diseases. A doctor has been describing to some fellow-practitioners the experience of a famous physician who happened one evening to be lecturing on the symptoms of locomotor ataxia. He was explaining that it was impossible for a man suffering from that form of paralysis to place his heels together and shut his eyes without falling forward; and to illustrate what he meant, he placed his heels together himself and shut his eyes—and fell forward on the platform. The story-teller goes on to remark on other symptoms of the disease, such as certain forms of stuttering and so on, with the result that one of his listeners, who is not a doctor, becomes more and more nervous, and ends by doubting whether he is not himself a victim of the disease. Of course he is in reality perfectly healthy; but he has been made, if only for a moment, to believe that he is not by listening to doctors' conversation. Before he heard the symptoms of locomotor ataxia described he knew and thought no more about it than other ordinary healthy persons like Private Terence Mulvaney, who explained on a memorable occasion that it was called locomotor ataxy "bekase ut attacks ye like a locomotive." But after hearing the symptoms discussed he became assured that he had already one foot in the grave. His imagination, if not his physical frame, immediately suffered from the disease he heard described.

It is possible for a speculative mind to wonder whether some of the journals devoted to medicine do not,

of course quite unintentionally, cause a certain amount of this ignorant heart-burning by perpetually discovering new methods by which disease may be carried from one person to another, and new forms of maladies from which human beings suffer, especially when they happen to be Englishmen. Not very long ago the *Lancet* discovered that it was extremely dangerous to receive letters by post. The postbag, if the truth were known, was not so much a bag as a lair. In the innocent-looking canvas sack which the postman bears from hour to hour on his shoulders lurks, reposeful but defiant, the deadly microbe. Should the postbag be opened in future without being previously disinfected, the result, it was hinted, was likely to be very far-reaching indeed. There are no official statistics, we believe, to show precisely how many persons have been laid low by the matutinal letterbags since the *Lancet* made its discovery, but no doubt the figures are enormous. The destruction goes on. The microbe just flies out and gets you every morning, without your knowing what it is doing. You cannot detect any difference between the symptoms you suffered from before the discovery that letters were practically made overweight by microbes in the post, and the symptoms from which you suffer to-day. Still, the terrifying fact remains that it is actually a symptom of some diseases to feel hopeful about the future, so that probably the deadly postbag is doing its work just the same. You cannot get away from its dogged pursuit; in the end it simply wears you down.

Another discovery, perhaps of equal import to the health of the nation, has now been made by the same journal.

The discovery is that the "street manners" of a number of persons are really extremely bad. "The traffic of London," we are assured, "has its daily complement of victims, and the wonder is only why that complement is so modest." It seems that the chief person who is to blame is the foot-passenger, who is addicted to the vice of inattention. "The man who is absorbed in his ideas and fails to notice what is going on is the *bête noire* of the streets, obstructive to others and dangerous to himself." One of the things he does is to carry his stick or umbrella in a reprehensible manner. "A short time ago," one of the *Lancet's* correspondents writes, "I saw a gentleman severely injured in the eye by an over-eager passenger in an omnibus who raised his umbrella suddenly when gesticulating to the conductor, and it is no uncommon thing to see ladies temporarily annexed by the handle of a passing umbrella tucked under the arm." One is reminded of the undergraduate who remarked enviously of a friend: "What extraordinary luck that fellow B seems to have. I never seem to manage to see any sort of a street accident, but he never comes back from a walk without having seen somebody run over, or a dog-fight, or a ham thrown at a policeman, or something of the kind." Somewhere, by some one, we may be sure, the walking-stick and umbrella are noticed doing their lethal work. "Undoubtedly," the *Lancet* observes, "persons who carry their sticks and umbrellas under their arms horizontally pointed, or who thrust them upwards in the desire to hail a vehicle, are a public nuisance." It would seem that a great many accidents occur every year, all owing to this fatal habit of calling cabs by thrusting umbrellas upwards with a rapid motion; only, few of us are privileged to see the accidents, which are all due to the vice of inattention

and not thinking what you are doing. The thing to do, clearly, is to determine that when you walk along the streets you will not, whatever happens, inconvenience any fellow passenger in any way whatever. The worst of that is that if, while walking along, you preoccupy your mind with determinations not to collide with anybody whatever, you are almost sure to run into somebody, because you are not looking properly where you are going.

The minor vice of inattention has its fellow-vice, which perhaps have been discovered, or which remain to be discovered, as injurious to the national health. There is, for example, the vice of untidiness. The enormity of it is apprehended in the first instance, probably, by housemaids, and by other persons who have to "tidy up" the litter which is provided for them. Yet even the vice of untidiness can be imagined as in certain respects defensible. There is surely a very large amount of trouble and worry inflicted every year upon persons who, having placed a particular article in a particular place, and what is more, remembering precisely where they placed it, cannot find it when they want it, because it has been "tidied up." It is true that it is not satisfactory, on the whole, for houses never to be made tidy; also that probably dust ought to be removed at regular intervals even from book-shelves and writing-desks and places where you have to do your work. Still, the person whose work is interrupted by other persons who will not allow him to place what he likes where he likes feels that he has a certain complaint which he is justified in making. Surely it is not of paramount importance that, in order that the household should be conducted satisfactorily, everything should, at intervals of twenty-four hours, be moved into a place where somebody else thinks it ought to be concealed. And in any

case, it might be urged, is there anybody in the world who possesses more exasperating characteristics than the person who is a rigid martinet for tidiness, who will not allow anything at any time to be in any other place than the place he has decided it ought, in his opinion, to occupy? Just in the same way there are demerits in certain kinds of so-called punctuality. There are people who conscientiously believe themselves to be the soul of punctuality because they are always five minutes before the proper time. They are ready in the drawing-room a quarter of an hour before it is time to go into the dining-room for lunch; the gong sounds, and they rise to march their guests in, oblivious of the fact that the real use of the gong is to summon, not to start; and that if everybody were ready for lunch, like themselves, ten minutes before lunch is ready for them, there would be no reason for a gong at all, unless you chose to regard meals as a sort of race. It is the over-punctual—the “ante-punctual”—host who is attacked by train-fever, and who sends his guests to wait twenty minutes or more stamping up and down a country station platform so as to prevent them from missing the train. To be always five minutes ahead of the clock is surely one of the most exasperating forms of so-called punctuality imaginable. In the case of most people, unfortunately, it is incurable. In the case of a soldier, who cannot be unpunctual without being unsoldierly, it

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might be cured by placing him in command of troops taking part in a combined movement designed to concert an attack on the enemy from a particular point at a particular time. Anxious to be on the spot at the right time, he arrives there an hour beforehand, to be cut up because he has no supports.

The real importance of minor vices such as unpunctuality, untidiness, inattention, and so forth is that they are unimportant except when they are condoned altogether, or dragged into a glaring light, which, because it is glaring, tires the eyes. Nobody, hardly, has it in his power to create greater disorder than the hopelessly unpunctual man; nobody is more likely to be unsatisfactory in other respects than the man who is abominably untidy in his habits as in his person; nobody, probably, would be less disposed to respect the rights of property than the person who annoys other persons with his umbrella in the street. But if it is important that appointments should be kept punctually, none the less there are a few distinguished people in the world, who may, perhaps, be allowed occasionally to be late for breakfast. There ought to be in such matters what Bacon calls “an inclination to the more benign extreme.” It is quite possible, when steering so as to avoid an obstacle on one side of the road, to crash into and break down the fence on the other side.

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### THE SPEAKER AND THE HOUSE.

The proceedings of Wednesday and Thursday in the House of Commons afford a striking example of the punctilious attention which Englishmen pay to official traditions. Not a particular in the ceremonies that attended the re-

tirement of Mr. Gully and the election of Mr. Lowther showed any variation from what was already long established custom in the almost mythical period of Speaker Onslow. The Leader of the House and the Leader of the



Opposition were there to compliment the retiring Speaker. The same Royal permission was given to proceed to a new election. The Clerk at the Table stood ready, as of old, to point to the borough member and the knight of the shire who were waiting to propose and second Mr. Gully's successor. That successor placed himself at the disposition of the House in the accustomed manner, and England had once more a First Commoner. The imagination of a spectator might have supposed that a Speaker armed with all the old powers of the office once more presided over an equally unchanged House of Commons.

In one respect, and in one only, the imagination would not have been misleading. The Speakership has happily remained free from the suspicion which attaches to the same position in almost every other Parliament. The impartiality of the Chair is a possession which is justly precious to all parties in the House of Commons. The many high qualities which go to the making of a great Speaker—qualities which were so well enumerated by the Prime Minister on Wednesday—would all be as nothing if there were any cause to suspect that they were employed in the interests of this or that party in the House. Profound knowledge of Parliamentary history, familiar acquaintance with the rules of procedure, presence of mind in applying them to unexpected situations, unflinching courtesy in circumstances which might often excuse impatience are only of value in so far as the House knows that they are employed with a single desire to do justice by everyone who has a seat in it. The patent need of this one quality of impartiality has greatly contributed to its attainment. The reputation of successive holders of the office has been due to many causes. One Speaker has differed from another alike in his reading of his du-

ties and in the success with which he has discharged them. But the tradition of impartiality has been continuous. The election has fallen to the share of one party or another, but once elected the Speaker has known parties no more. He has been in fact as well as in name the servant of the House.

Here, however, the resemblance between the Speakership of to-day and the Speakership of a generation back comes to an end. When we turn from externals to essentials, from the traditions which are associated with Speaker's office only as are his mace or his robes, to the powers which he really possesses, and to the atmosphere in which these powers are exercised, we realize the change which has insensibly passed over both. In one particular this change was visible in the proceedings of this week. There was a time not so long ago when the business of Wednesday would have been done when the Prime Minister had moved and the Leader of Opposition had seconded the vote of thanks to Mr. Gully for his service in the chair. On this occasion, however, no less than five other members rose to express their concurrence in the resolution, and each of them could fairly claim the right of separate expression. Besides Unionists and Liberals the House of Commons contains Protectionists, led by Mr. Chamberlain, Nationalists, led by Mr. Redmond, Irish Conservatives, led by Colonel Sanderson, Welsh members, led by Sir A. Thomas, and Labor members, led by Mr. Bell. Where is now our old boastful comparison with the multiform groups of the French Chamber? The English House of Commons has seven distinct sections where once there were only two. The process of subdivision has begun in earnest, and the Minister who has to form a Cabinet, or to determine on a policy, will, in future, have seven sections of the House to take account of when he

is calculating the strength of his own forces or measuring those opposed to him. This is a change which must inevitably tend to make the work of the Chair more arduous. When there were only two parties in the House both were under the same inducement to respect and sustain the Speaker's authority. The Leader of Opposition might find a ruling inconvenient for the moment, but he had only to look forward to the time when he would himself be in office to realize the similar advantage he would himself reap from it. The House is now composed of sections of opinion which stand no chance of being represented in Cabinets—which are condemned, indeed, to perpetual opposition. To them the Speaker can never be more than an impartial wielder of disciplinary power, an authority whose function is to maintain order, and to ensure that the business of the House is properly carried through.

The relation of the Chair to the House of Commons has undergone a still greater change. Formerly the Speaker, over and above his own good sense, had little to guide him save his knowledge of the traditions of the House and of the precedents established by his predecessors. There was little in the way of a written constitution. Each incident that presented itself might have to be treated as though it had arisen for the first time. This can hardly ever be said now. On Wednesday Mr. Balfour justly described the proceedings of the House as "going through a transitional period which has not yet come to an end"—a period in which "rules and customs of procedure, which were adequate to an easier time and to simpler duties, have been found inadequate, and will yet be found inadequate, to deal with the complications of modern responsibilities." No one has a better right to say this than Mr. Balfour, since he is him-

self the author of some of the most comprehensive changes of procedure that have been adopted by the House. Nor will anyone be disposed to challenge the accuracy of his description. Wherever, therefore, these rules exist the Speaker has only to apply them. Is the case which calls for his decision on all fours with the case provided for in such and such a rule? If he is clear on this point he has but to declare that the rule says so and so, and that it is or is not applicable to the facts on which he has to pronounce. The consequence of this change is that the rules of Parliamentary procedure have become of immensely greater importance, and so deserve more attention than they usually get when they are first proposed, as well as greater readiness on the part of the Government to reconsider them when they have been tried and found wanting. Found wanting, that is, for the purpose for which alone they ought to exist—the securing of as large a measure of genuine debate as is consistent with the necessity of coming to a decision without an impossible expenditure of Parliamentary time. It cannot be easy, said Mr. Balfour, to pass through such a period of transition "without peril and without difficulty," and he further spoke of this peril as now "coming from within." With the words he used we are in entire agreement, but this agreement does not, we fear, extend to the sense in which he used them. Undoubtedly the danger is from within, but it comes from the Government of the day rather than from the House itself. As the amount of business grows the desire of the Executive to get it quickly through Parliament grows in proportion. In itself it is a natural and reasonable desire, but all the same it needs to be kept in check. There are, for instance, rules at present in force which impose restrictions which would much better be left to

the judgment of the Speaker at the moment—rules which instead of making debate easier make it more difficult, and enable the Government to keep whole classes of questions out of the purview of the House of Commons for long periods of time. The Speaker,

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as it seems to us, is the authority to which the settlement of points like this ought properly to be entrusted, and in this respect we hope that Mr. Gully's successor will in the end find his powers increased.

## JAPANESE CALM.

The Japanese, on the witness of foreign observers in Tokyo, heard the news of their great Mukden victory "with calm." Of their greater victory in the Sea of Japan they heard or read "without emotion"—that is, almost with indifference—at any rate, until the official celebration in the great grassy Hibiya Park, on the skirts of which modern Tokyo is rising in a great hurry, as by enchantment. So it has been throughout a fateful war-time—unbroken victory matched by unbroken calm. Yet it may be that Mukden and the Sea of Japan are victories, final and conclusive, of the representative of a reformed and regenerate Asiatic civilization over the representative of an aggressive, overbearing, and possibly decrepit Western civilization. This Japanese calm is our wonder. We are amazed, we might well be amazed, at its serenity. What then, we might ask, is victory, success, triumph, glory? Why do men shed their blood? Or oppose their breasts to bayonets? Or abide the spectacle of their comrade, in the morning a blithe and hopeful being, at sunset the riven remnant of a man? Why do we live, combat, struggle, die? In Europe we answer this question by assuming a prouder mien, by contemplating the world and our fellows with a bolder eye, by writing odes to the dead, by chanting hymns of victory and calling Heaven to witness that we accept the mission of our greatness, signified and sealed by the

triumph of our arms. But the Japanese are "calm." They hear the news and go about their business. A strange people!

Their calm has been referred to their self-restraint, and it is true that the repression of emotion was an important discipline with the Japanese Samurai, and that to-day an influential convention forbids the Japanese lady to betray her irritation to a tedious visitor, or her misery to a faithless husband. So, let us suppose that self-restraint, enforced by two powerful agents, education and convention, partly explains this extraordinary, this phenomenal calm. But, for many reasons, this can be no more than a partial explanation. The Samurai were never more than a fraction of the nation, a fraction no larger than the class of gentry in the population of Great Britain. The people in the old days were immeasurably their inferiors and were so far absolved from the disciplines of the Samurai code that they were even deemed unworthy of them. Yet it is the nation that is calm, not merely the class of Samurai or their successors. And what convention could be so potent as to restrain the expression of a national emotion? Peoples, nations, great aggregations of men, do not know conventions. Conventions are for the individual, not for the mass of individuals, who are controlled, not by conventions, but by laws.

The explanation of the Japanese calm

lies deeper. Or at least other explanations may be quoted which represent causes more remote or truths more profound. To suggest that the Japanese calm is Japanese pessimism is, as it might seem, to offer a paradox in explanation of a mystery. Calm is contentment, serenity, placidity; pessimism is dolefulness, dejection, despondency. Yet do not the two sometimes approximate, at any rate in outward appearance, the one to the other? That pessimism of a kind, not quite our pessimism—which is commonly the dejection of defeat—but the pessimism of Asia, which is the child of meditation and brooding—that this pessimism, the pessimism of defeated questioning, rather than of defeated action, holds powerful sway over the Japanese mind is almost a truism to those who have studied the phenomena of this people's consciousness and the testimony of their activities. "Buddhism," said a Japanese Minister of State not long ago, "has tinged our whole outlook upon life with pessimism." Suicide from motives that we would call morbid or negative, rather than active or positive, is exceedingly common among the Japanese. Instances are frequent among university students, and often no motive is discernible save an indefinite neurotic weariness of the pitiless, unyielding enigmas of life. So much so that a Japanese publicist lately proposed special measures for the mitigation of the evil, from his deeming it one that was likely to yield to medicinal or disciplinary treatment. The very life, modes, manners, habits, of the people, often appear to assume, as it were, the guise of an inexplicable because wholly natural melancholy—natural in the sense that it is not pretended or assumed "for wantonness." Even in business, though they are cunning, they are, as it were, neutral and indifferent. They succeed or fail in a particular "deal" with, as it might

appear, an irrefrangible equanimity.

The eager voice, the flushed cheek, the quick step of the man who hopes for a triumphant *coup* in the market, are hardly to be observed in the liveliest eddies of Japanese commercial and industrial life. There is much pleasant but irrelevant gossip, frequent mutual entertainment, and a great deal of the sauce—or butter, as we might say—of confraternal esteem. But business is done rather by the way than for its own immediate sake. It is highly significant, too, that a Trappist monastery in Hokkaido, the northernmost of the principal islands of the Japanese group, should draw many of its recruits, enthusiasts of the cult of silence—which is the speech of Asiatic pessimism—from among the Japanese themselves, though the institution is—or was when the writer last had intelligence of it—in the charge of a Frenchman. These Japanese brothers of the "eldest of things" only keep alive a tradition that runs upwards—or downwards—through all Japanese history—the ascetic tradition, which has had its votaries, great and small, in every Japanese age. Kobo Daishi, founder of one of the great sects of Japanese Buddhism, withdrew from the world to a mountain retreat near the modern Nikko, where the diplomatic representatives of Europe seek refuge from the heat of the Japanese summer. There he communed with the Eternal, beheld visions, and entertained strange and shining visitors even as the greatest saints of Catholic and feudal Europe did. And a perfectly credible story was told of Oyama himself in the newspapers the other day—how he detests war and longs for a lodge, not, indeed, in some vast wilderness, but amid the radiant and serene beauty of a Japanese hinterland, there to pass his days in converse with old friends and in contemplation of young children. Can we image a Kitchener the central

figure of this idyll? In truth it is a commission of psychologists rather than a board of war experts that might elucidate the secret of Japanese success in war. This commission might find that Japanese pessimism is a kind of optimism or a kind of middle thing as yet unnamed which, while it accepts life as an accident of importance, yet views the investiture of life, which is death, as the normal and the permanent, and therefore perhaps, the supreme and the desirable.

Is the Japanese calm, then, the calm of self-restraint or the calm of pessimism—Asiatic pessimism? There is a third possible explanation. It may be the calm of knowledge—complete, final, satisfied, such calm as that of the elderly Goethe, contemplating the strife of nations as a thing passing, relative, unimportant. This, it seems, would be to argue, or to postulate, the incredible—a nation of sages. Yet is it incredible? What of the Greeks, a nation of artists? Or the Jews, a race of religionists? But do sages, in fact, fling themselves on bayonets? Or invent Shimose powder? Or die for an idea? Well, did not Socrates accept the Dikastery's judgment with calm? And was not Pericles the founder of the Athenian empire as well as the patron of philosophy? And these are sages of whom it may be said that, though they penetrated, at least with their soul's eye, beyond the frontiers of the knowable, their practical work—the

achievements of their science—was yet enormous, like that of the Japanese. Many testimonies might be quoted from Japanese history and contemporary phenomena in support of a proposition that the Japanese possess the quality of mysticism above all other peoples. And this mysticism—what is it but the final verdict, the last resort, of knowledge? Is it not the retreat of knowledge, satisfied of its own inadequacy, if not impossibility? And if the Japanese be children of mysticism, we have the apparition of a people who combine the two capacities that have always made men, if not nations, formidable—the capacity for repose and the capacity for energy. This is that ideal combination—the combination of the practical and the ideal. It denotes the ability to accomplish everything and yet to esteem this everything as nothing. It commands the whole world and yet holds the whole world lightly and as not worthy to be weighed in the balance with death—the sacrifice of everything—for an idea. This combination makes genius. Sometimes divinity itself has appeared to be composed of its sovereign elements. The Japanese are calm because they know; and even for the same reason they are formidable, since the ideal, which is but the attainment of complete knowledge, necessarily comprehends the practical. In a word, they are practical idealists, terrible in battle yet calm after victory.

The Outlook.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Chatto and Windus are to publish this month the second of the promised Stevenson volumes "Tales and Fancies," comprising "The Misadventures of John Nicholson," "The Body-

Snatcher," and "Story of a Lie." This material has been accessible hitherto only in the costly "Edinburgh edition" and the subscribers to that edition,—some of them at least,—feel that its



publication in the new edition is a breach of faith.

The house at Stratford-on-Avon, in which John Harvard's mother was born, has recently been sold. It is a black and white timbered structure of three stories, adorned with a gable, and is one of the oldest and perhaps the best remaining example of domestic architecture in the town. In this house Katherine Rogers lived from 1596 until her marriage with Robert Harvard, and to it she may have come with her little son John to attend the funeral of her father. Her wedding took place from the house in 1605.

Among the announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co. for the autumn is a new Red-Kegger novel, "The Man from Red Kegg"; a new edition of "The House of Dreams" by the Rev. J. W. Dawson; "The Artist's Way of Working" by Mr. Russell Sturgis which, it is explained, is addressed not to artists or students but to the art-loving public; a Nature Calendar, with quotations from the writings of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mable, with illustrations colored by hand; and Professor Harry Thurston Peck's "Twenty Years of the Republic" reprinted from *The Bookman*, in which it has been published serially.

The French are prompt in honoring the memory of Jules Verne. The first in the field was Chantenay, a manufacturing village near to Nantes, where Jules Verne spent a portion of his youth. On the day after his death it was resolved that one of the streets should henceforth be called Jules Verne Street. A fortnight later the town council of Nantes agreed to set up a tablet on the house where he was born, to give his name to a square, and to open a public subscription for a suitable statue to his memory. The town council of Amiens has also de-

cided to rename the Boulevard Longueville, where the famous writer was living at the time of his death.

Some of the leading men of letters in Belgium are so hostile to the clerical influences which are dominant in that country that they mean to boycott the festivities in commemoration of the achievement of Belgian Independence on the 75th anniversary of the expulsion of the Dutch. This is M. Maeterlinck's reply to the invitation addressed to him:

"I mean to take no part whatever in the celebration of a fallacious independence which, at the present moment, afflicts us with a Government which is the most retrograde in Europe, and the most opposed to all ideas of justice and freedom, excepting only those of Russia and Turkey. There are a few of us who are waiting for this state of things to pass and who hope that we shall some day be able to rejoice over the achievement of a true independence.

Messrs. Longmans have in preparation "A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe," by Dr. David J. Hill, United States Minister to Switzerland, formerly Assistant-Secretary of State, whose work is to be completed in six volumes. The first volume, which may be expected shortly, will be "The Struggle for Universal Empire," which, with the following volume, entitled "The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty," may be regarded as indicating the foundations of modern diplomacy. The subsequent volumes will deal with the Diplomacy of the Age of Absolutism, the Revolutionary Era, the Constitutional Movement, and Commercial Imperialism, thus bringing the history down to the present time. Each volume will be a complete work in itself, with a separate index and a chronological list of treaties and other public acts.